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Sunday, Mar. 24, 1940



Easter Blossoms

Painting by Henry Clive
Verses by Phyllis McGinley

Now where's my purse? Farewell to verse,
Away with odes and sonnets!
I'm off to try where I can buy
The latest thing in bonnets.
For how can any lady
Resist the Easter scene?
In secret spots, and shady,
The very violets preen.
The jonquil shows
Her turlowels,

Designed for vernal weathers;
And the shabbiest bird
Can now be heard
Discoursing on its feathers.

The year's at the Spring, the snail's on the thorn,
And the rose on the brim of the little tricorn,
How frilly the buds are, how flowery the dell,
How likewise the headgear of Mademoiselle!

In sheltered haunts each crocus haunts
The season's newest samples,
And I declare I'll follow their
Most excellent examples.
Let showers sprinkle fast and free,
For though the raindrop slaps down,
It is not raining rain to me,
It's raining snoods and caps down.
And daffodils
That throng the hills

Or pose in windows urban,
Do not display
A style more gay
Than many a saucy turban.

Sing Easter, sing tulips, sing blossomy daisies;
Sing berets and Bretons, sing tassels and veils.
It's Spring on the calendar (papers please copy),
But chiefly it's Spring in the Milliner's Shoppe.



When "Slingshot Charles" Hit the Leader in the Mouth, the Mob Broke Up and the Prisoner Avoided Being Hanged to the Nearest Tree.

A Modern David Who Found Fame With A Slingshot

THE BIBLICAL David used a sling to slay the Giant Goliath and put to rout the armies of the Philistines. "Slingshot Charles" Taylor, a modern David, has never slain a giant but has accomplished some amazing feats with his streamlined model of the ancient weapon.

"Slingshot Charles" is a guide at Reelfoot Lake in Tennessee, when not exhibiting his prowess before audiences in various parts of the country.

Nearly everyone regards the sling shot as a boy's plaything but Charles actually used it to save his own life and the lives of others. His feats sound like tall tales but they are all true.

"The slingshot," Charles told an American Weekly representative in St. Louis where he was appearing with the Southwest Sportsman's Show, "is a simple weapon to make and mighty inexpensive to operate. All I need to make one is an old shoe tongue, some steel wire and a couple of strong rubber bands, usually cut from an inner tube and a forked stick. As a youngster I used rocks and pebbles for ammunition, and killed plenty of birds and squirrels. But now I use iron slugs and ball bearings, and shoot more accurately and get more distance."

Charles pretends to demonstrate his point by breaking several small china cups from a distance of twenty paces shooting through the handles of the cups, smashing several eggs which were tossed into the air for him to shoot at, and finally breaking a small balloon at a distance of fifty paces.

"Sometimes," Charles said when a duck is out of range of shotgun fire I kill it with a slug. I have shot them on the wing, too.

"I guess the biggest animal I ever shot was a raccoon. A couple of friends and I were walking in the woods near Reelfoot Lake one day when the 'coon, who weighed twenty pounds, made for a tree, and crouched down in a fork at the top of a tall oak. I fitted an iron slug into my sling-shot and let fly. The first shot skinned just over his head, but the second brought him down with a broken skull."

"One night while I was hunting frogs at Reelfoot, I flushed a big, rusty, square headed, cotton-mouthed water moccasin, one of the most deadly of snakes. He struck at me and missed, then reared up again like a cobra, ready to strike again. I didn't have my gun and I didn't dare move a foot or he would have struck. I hung my frog lantern on a bush and managed to load my slingshot without disturbing the snake. His head, with spot-light shining right on it, made a nice target and I cut it right off with a slug. Another time I heard a little rabbit squawking and saw that a big rattlesnake had him in his mouth. While I was fitting a slug to my slingshot I heard a rustle in the feet and there was the snake's mate, set to strike. I shot him first, cutting his head off, and then got the other snake. The bunny hopped off unhurt."

"Police sometimes seem surprised at the things I can do with a slingshot. A friend once took me to see an old cowboy who was famed for his shooting with a pistol or rifle. My friend didn't tell the cowboy who I was and asked him to do some shooting for us. That cowboy was a fine shot. With a 30-06 rifle, a 45 Colt thumb-pistol revolver and a .22 rifle he gave a neat demonstration, hitting small blocks of wood and picking them up out of the air. Then I gave a little demonstration of marksmanship, too, and you should have seen that cowboy's eyes pop. He said he'd been in show business a long time but he'd never seen such shooting."

"I took a vacation from the woods a couple of years ago and worked as a guard at the Tennessee State Prison. I carried a shotgun and a pistol, but I always kept my slingshot handy, too. One night I was on duty on the wall and a big electrical storm came up. The lightning kept snapping along the barbed wire on the wall and I thought it would be safer if I could shoot down the wall until the storm was over, but I had to be up there to ring my bell every half hour. Then I had an idea. I climbed down the wall, and hinged it close to keep from getting wet. Then when the gust at the next light blew the storm away, I was all right. I rang that bell three times, with pebbles and I didn't have to go back up the wall to do it. Later I told one of the prison officials about the thing and he thought it was a good idea. One day I was visiting a friend who was Sheriff in a Southern Illinois town and he took me with him to arrest a Negro youth who was charged with a criminal attack on a white woman. On our way back with the Negro a mob started forming to lynch the prisoner. A big, loud-mouthed fellow, the ring-leader, was urging the others on.

"The Sheriff said, 'Charley, I believe if we could shut that fellow up I could get the prisoner to jail all right. But I don't like to start any gunplay.'"

"Sheriff, I say. You deputize me to do it and I'll shut that fellow up, and won't you a speck?"

"The Sheriff said 'OK' and I fitted an iron slug into my slingshot and busted the big fellow right in the mouth. He was so busy spitting out teeth that he lost interest in the lynching and the Sheriff hustled his prisoner off to jail without any more trouble."

Charles lifted a keen eye and steady nose as two of the main requisites for skill with the slingshot. "The chief mistake made in shooting a slingshot," Charles said "is to hold the fork still and pull the rubbers back from it. The proper way is to hold the leather steady and draw the fork forward and away from it."

Doesn't Know Whether He Loves His Wife Or Her Sister

IS IT his wife he really loves, or her sister whom he has never seen? That is the problem facing Thomas Kerekes, well-to-do South African business man of Hungarian extraction, since he found out that the girl he married is really one he had loved to be his mail.

Like many immigrants in a new country, Kerekes, who left Europe with his parents when he was a small boy, was determined to marry a girl from his own country. Every man's subconscious wish is that his wife should be like his mother. Thomas Kerekes was no exception. He felt that a girl who could talk the same sort of patois and sing the same old songs would come nearest to his ideal. Unable to take a trip to Hungary to choose one, he put an advertisement in the "Personals" column of the leading Budapest daily, beginning, "Wanted: A Wife," describing his own circumstances and giving his matrimonial specifications.

Answers poured in, for many Hungarian maidens welcomed the idea of being married to a prosperous merchant in Durban. Kerekes selected the letter of Boriska Kende,

better suited that ticket and that check right back to Durban. That was something that Mr. Kende couldn't bring himself to do. To lose such a wonderful son-in-law was out of the question. Fortunately, Boriska had a younger sister, Piroksa. Needless to say, the two girls resembled each other like two eggs. If Boriska's heart was set upon marriage with the poor mechanic, that was no reason to disappoint the rich South African. Piroksa was willing to substitute herself for her twin sister. Mr. Kerekes never knew that he was marrying the girl who was to have been his sister-in-law. All that Piroksa had to do was train herself to answer to the name of Boriska.

The substitution was made and Piroksa sailed under the name of Boriska. Her fiancé met her on landing. He recognized her immediately and took her into his arms, shouting:

"Why, Boriska, you are just like your picture, only far more beautiful!"

They were married at once, and were supremely happy.

The bride wrote home to her twin sister: "It was the luckiest day in my life when you were such a little thing as to fall in love with your Sander and leave Thomas to me." As for Kerekes, all his dreams were realized. His Boriska was the incarnation of all he had expected her to be. He was justly proud of her letters.

Everything went smoothly until Kerekes had to go away on a little business trip. "I hate leaving you for a whole week, darling," he told his wife, "but I shall enjoy getting your letters again." But when he received the first one, he was aghast. He did not recognize her handwriting. It was quite different from that of the letters Boriska had written him before her marriage. He searched for the signs he knew and loved so well, but could not find them. Could marriage have wrought such a change in her? Or had Boriska perhaps not written those letters herself?

Kerekes told himself to be sensible—that handwriting did not matter, since he loved her with all his heart. But he had no peace. One day he intercepted a letter from home, addressed to his wife in the very handwriting that he had fallen in love with. He snatched it at once.

At last Mr. Kerekes instructed a private detective in Budapest to investigate the matter and neighbors flocked to offer congratulations and say goodbye to the girl who was to go overseas, and the poor foolish tailor who had two other marriageable daughters at home, was very happy.

"I'm in love with Sander Serban, the mechanic next door," she sobbed, "and he is in love with me. I can't and won't leave him, but, Sander, I beg you, the correspondence just for fun. But when I saw how much you all were to have me make a good match in South Africa, I meant to go through with it. But it took six weeks to make up my mind, and now I'm in love with each other in no time. It's too late now. Sander and I are going to be married even though he hasn't any money—and we'd

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The Invaders Took Away the Cows—the Source of Butter—and It Wasn't Long Before the Farmers Were Sick With a Dangerous Disease of the Eyes.

Can Vars Be Won With Butter?

WILL butter, or lack of it, be a vital factor in the present war? Is butter better than bullets? Will nutrition play an important role on the battlefields of Europe? Food experts say the warring nations today know the importance of food in winning battles.

Certainly on the far northern front where a small but brave army of hardy Finns has put up an almost epic resistance against the Russian hordes, the butter theory seems to hold true more than ever. The Finns are among the world's largest per capita users of milk and butter and Finnish soldiers are provided with a milk ration instead of liquor.

Butter, one of the oldest of foods, was used more than two thousand years before the Christian era. It is mentioned throughout the Bible. It was used in early times as an ointment for the skin and sold in medicine shops and when fresh has been used as a salve for burns and sore eyes.

Despite its long history it was only a quarter of a century ago that scientists discovered that butter is a concentrated source of vitamin A. That is why, says the National Dairy Council, this dairy-fat is such a big factor in war-time because vitamin A is known to increase vigor and the body's ability to resist disease.

"Butter will be a big factor in the present war in Europe," says Dr. Martin Mortensen, for thirty years head of the Dairy Industry Department in Iowa State College. A Dane by birth who spent his school days in his native land.

"In the World War, Denmark learned how lack of butter produced disease. Although Denmark produced twice as much butter annually as the State of Iowa, so much was exported at one period of the war that the Danes themselves did not get enough. As a result, the eye disease xerophthalmia, which often leads to permanent blindness, became prevalent until the government restored butter to the diet. As soon as the right amounts were again available to everyone, the disease rapidly disappeared.

"The experience of Denmark may well serve as a warning to all countries at the present time," says Dr. Mortensen. "Authorities are convinced that continued deficiency of vitamin A may undermine the health of a people. In our own country we should be sure that everyone gets a plentiful supply of butter every day in such different forms as butter, whole milk, cream, ice cream and cheese."

Professor Mortensen is one of America's authorities on butter. He has been knighted by the King of Denmark and is a member of that country's Royal Agricultural Society as well as of many honorary societies in this country.

Another example of how lack of butter can disrupt populations in wartime was offered by Rumania in 1917. The Austrians had swept through the land and taken the cows. As there was no milk left for the people, xerophthalmia developed, particularly among children.

Dr. Victor G. Heiser, noted public health authority, in his recent book, "You're the Doctor," says: "One curious phenomenon appearing among Russian troops during the World War was night blindness. Before their affliction was discovered, many soldiers on night expeditions blundered helplessly, sometimes to their deaths, merely because they lacked vitamin A."

Peter Drucker, a German economist, speaking recently at the University of Chicago Round Table, said: "The economic war will first be felt when lack of fats and fodder cracks the nerves of the German civilian population. A lack of fats in the diet acts upon the nerves to bring discontent, impatience and dissatisfaction. Germany is lacking in fat and the fodder for cattle that produce butter and milk."

A recent International News Service report says that in Great Britain vast secret stores of food have been hidden away by the government. Butter and dairy products are among the foods stored in subterranean warehouses far removed from range of enemy bombers and well shielded from aerial attacks. To conserve these reserve foods, the government is rationing butter and bacon. Germany has long been saving butter, as the lessons learned in the first World War proved that lack of this valuable food helped in undoing civilian morale.

Substitute, or so-called "ersatz" fats, even when fortified with vitamins, will not supply the precise food value found in butterfat. E. J. Schantz, C. A. Elvenberg and E. B. Hart of the University of Wisconsin learned by actual experiments. Within three to four weeks it became clear that rats getting butterfat were outstripping those who did not," the scientists reported. "They grew better and looked better. Their coats were soft, silky and glossy, while those animals getting only coconut oil or corn oil were rough and dull."

World War II has been called a "phony war." Maybe it isn't so phony after all. Maybe it is a war of nutrition instead of attrition.

If the British blockade keeps the Germans from getting vitamin A, will the Allies win? If the German blockade could locate and destroy the British stores of butter, would it mean "German victory"? At all in this modern, scientific war, butter may prove to be better than bullets.



The Disillusioned Husband Looked From the Letter to the Photograph of the Woman He Thought Was His Wife—and Decided That It Was Time to See a Lawyer.

A Grocer Who Shames People Into Paying Their Bills

IN THESE days of high pressure bill collectors it is refreshing to hear of an old-fashioned device which painlessly puts a debtor on his heels and immediately keeps the merchant in business.

Morris Bowman, of South Bound Brook, N. J., who has opened a meat, grocery, fruit and vegetable store on the same corner for 19 years, originated a plan which has brought in 60 per cent of old bills which he had given up all hope of collecting.

The plan was first tried out last Fall. Mr. Bowman posted a piece of white paper, during one week, in one of his large store windows. "Watch this window for unpaid bills," in large red letters, he wrote the names of five customers owing more than \$60 were recovered from them. Bowman recovered more than what was owed.

Bowman notified several more customers that if he did not receive substantial payment on their accounts within 15 days he would place their names in his window as "unpaid customers." Many sent payments and promised further attention to their debts.

The merchant was dubious about establishing his system, but it might have an adverse effect upon his trade. But he felt he had nothing to lose by alienating bad credit.

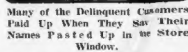
since all debts owed were long past due.

The results of his "collection by shame" system has surprised Bowman. He has not asked him to plan for its continued use. A typical example of how the plan worked, was the case of an industrial plant employee who spent a new car at the expense of a three-year-overdue grocery bill.

"He was one of the first to hurry in and pay up," reported the proprietor. "Not only did the plan bring in money for past due debts, but it brought back customers whom I had not seen for several years." People who paid their debts noticed the items on sale, often purchased heavily and had decided on a "clean slate" on the account books.

The only occurrence which marred the collection system was the hurrying of a brick one night through a display window on which the signs were posted but police failed to win any clues to the culprit's identity. An insurance company made preliminary investigation and the man was arrested and remained there for two weeks until Bowman wanted to use the window for other signs.

This collection system has received attention from grocers all over the country. Mr. Bowman plans to continue his debtor sign bi-monthly until his old debts are paid.



Many of the Delinquent Customers Paid Up When They Saw Their Names Posted Up in the Store Window.

THOSE HOLLYWOOD DIVORCES

"Logic, Not Lame Excuses, Behind Many of Them"



Big Crosby's Married Life With Dixie Lee Has Been Ideal, and Their Friends Attribute This Mainly to the Fact That Mrs. Crosby Abandoned Her Professional Career and Devoted Herself Entirely to Being a Good Wife and Mother.

By **ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS**

UNDER the heading "Hollywood's Dirty Marry-Go-Round" in *The American Weekly* last Sunday, my good friend Mr. Arthur ("Bugs") Baer discussed in his inimitable way the trivial reasons that many motion picture stars think up for divorce complaints. Much of what he said about actors and actresses changing the old axiom "Forever and a day" to "Forever or a day" is, of course, true. But a bit of research convinces me that there are sound and substantial reasons for many of the crack-ups.

One of the principal reasons is experimentation with the kind of love that must survive long separations due to professional engagements. Another is marriage between people who really want to be husbands and wives, but instead of going through with the idea remain professional performers—and professional performers, in many cases, don't function as husbands and wives unless one or the other ceases to be a performer and buckles down to the job of being married.

Without intending to become controversial, I should like to present today a little story about the number of people in Hollywood who have taken Sunday afternoon matrimonial rides and didn't have any accidents. You know sometimes of a Monday morning you wouldn't think anybody could survive such rides, because the news is apt to be pretty bad about the many wrecks over the hectic week-end.

But there are some who get back to the old garage in safety—some Hollywood actors and actresses who achieve successful and happy marriages. They don't usually make news, or if they do, don't take up so much space as the story of the wrecks strewn along Hollywood's highways.

I was reading about the split-up and coming divorce between Alice Faye and Tony Martin the other day and this started me on a bit of research.

One night last Summer Alice Faye and I had dinner quietly together at the Beachcomber in Hollywood, and then drove up to her house in the hills. She told me then that she was afraid she and Tony weren't going to make a go of their marriage, and her face was sad when she said it, and her voice broke. "I love him," she said, "and I know he loves me. Honestly, I don't believe anyone ever tried harder than I did to make a happy marriage. I'm just a sort of Irish biddy at heart, and domestic as I can be, but—only one thing would make it possible, and that would be for me to give up my work—what nowadays we call a career—and the funny thing is, Tony doesn't want that."

I thought to myself, no, Tony doesn't want

Ginger Rogers Discovered Matrimony Is Either Joy or Gloom, and Like Alice Faye, She Discovered It Can't Succeed If There Is the Breadth of a Continent Between Husband and Wife, as Well as a Professional Career to Be Considered.

that. Tony fell in love with Alice Faye, the glamorous actress, the movie star. I remembered the old tale of John Gilbert and Greta Garbo—that Jack had told me Greta would only marry him if she retired from the screen at the same time because she didn't believe it possible to make a success of both things.

But Jack Gilbert, like Tony Martin, didn't want Greta Garbo to quit the screen—it was perhaps, as he was honest enough to understand, the famous actress he was in love with, he didn't want her just as a domestic Swedish girl around the house.

And I recalled, too, going West from New York to Hollywood with Joan Crawford soon after the news of her coming divorce from Fanchot Tone had broken. I asked her what was the real reason, the underlying cause of their break-up, and Joan—essentially the most honest woman I have ever known—smiled at the altar, she was his leading lady—and she was famous and popular in her own right.

"Oh, it's because I'm such a dope. I'm the domestic type, as a woman. I was the little

gal who was always home when he came from the studio. I washed and ironed his shirts myself and darned his socks, and was much more faithful and domestic and wifely than most women who don't work—but I forgot that the man who married Joan Crawford probably didn't want that type of a wife, probably didn't want a quiet domestic wife—or he wouldn't have married a Joan Crawford in the first place."

That seemed to me to make a good deal of sense, yet I realized it was a viewpoint few people have ever thought about.

Anyway, the news of Alice Faye's coming divorce made me feel sad for her. I knew it meant unhappiness to her, and I thought, doggone, is it true that marriage can't be successful in Hollywood? Is it a law of some kind that these people who give so much to us all in the way of happiness and knowledge and entertainment, can't also have personal happiness in their married lives? Does it have to be like that?

But research into the matter brought me to another conclusion entirely, the facts told a different story. There are lots and lots of very happy marriages in Hollywood, among the greatest of Hollywood stars. I didn't accept any that hadn't weathered ten years at least—from ten years up to 33, and even past 40 years of marriage—and I didn't find plenty of them, that had lasted.

Two facts stuck out. First, it doesn't seem to be Hollywood that brings about the divorces—it seems to be two Hollywood careers in some family. Second, when success has come AFTER the marriage is pretty well set and settled, the marriages stay put. It's the marriages that take place in Hollywood when success is already present that go down the divorce spout.

I should say, for instance, that the happiest marriage in Hollywood and one of the happiest I've ever known anywhere, is that of the Harold Loyds. Seventeen years ago when Harold—whose comedies were making a fortune, and whose fame had almost equaled Chaplin's—led pretty little blonde Mildred to the altar, she was his leading lady—and she was famous and popular in her own right.

"Mildred going to keep on working?" I asked Harold, and he sort of blinked, thought a moment, and said: "Why—I guess so—we never thought much about it."

But Mildred didn't keep on working. There was no great sacrifice, no psychological analysis on the problem of working wives in Marriage. Little by little, Mildred got so busy with her home and her children and the social things Harold liked to do, that she just quit having time to go to the studio—it began to get in her hair and after awhile it interfered with her married life.

I can remember well a period later when Mildred got a little bored with domesticity and talked about returning to the screen and having Harold produce some pictures with her. Nothing ever came of it. Mrs. Lloyd fussed around about it—she had been a very important movie heroine. It was, at odd moments, a little difficult for her to forget it all. However, in the last analysis, she did.

Today, the Harold Loyds are a happy married couple—in Hollywood.

Then there are the James Cagneys. Sixteen years seem to find nothing annoying them. "Maybe," Jimmy Cagney says, "I was just lucky in picking the right girl in the first place. That's what counts."

Now Jimmy Cagney is a star whose magnitude in the film heavens cannot be underestimated. He doesn't win Academy awards, he doesn't get half the credit he should as an actor, but picture after picture he goes on dragging millions of the American populace into the box office. And he is extremely attractive to women, though no one has ever

Adela Rogers St. Johns Replies to Mr. Arthur ("Bugs") Baer, Contending That There Are Sane Reasons for Many Marital Crack-ups, Most Arising Out of "Love Versus Career"—And That There Are a Lot of Married Movie Stars So Happy They Never Make News



Alice Faye, on the Left, Who Found That a Lot of Geography Between Husband and Wife Ruins Marriage of Its Romance; and Above, Happy With Tony Martin Before Any Talk of Divorce.



Joan Crawford, Who Blames Her Matrimonial Smash-ups on the Fact That the Men She Married Wanted Joan Crawford the Actress, and Not Joan Crawford, as Plain Mrs. Fairbanks, or Plain Mrs. Tone.

called him a matinee idol.

His wife was a "professional." In the early days when Cagney was a song and dance man in vaudeville, she was one of the chorus girls. She was the "right girl" then, for young Cagney. When they came to Hollywood and his performance in the first great gangster picture, "Doorway to Hell," shot him to stardom, she continued to be the right girl.

One day not so long ago I was on the set when Cagney was making "The Roaring Twenties." An old man sat in a canvas director's chair next to me and he talked at length about his past friendship with Cagney, in the theatre and up on Cape Cod, where Cagney goes for his vacations. The old man was, to be honest, showing off quite a bit about his intimacy with the star, and seemed a little disappointed because Jim was too busy acting to pay him all the attention he thought he warranted.

Finally, in a loud voice he said: "Well, I can tell the folks back home what a fine day I had at Jim's house. His wife's the nicest little lady I ever met, and she took care of me and saw to it that I had a big time and had a look at everything."

That, of course, was part of her job as Mrs. James Cagney—and she does it ably. They've been married quite a long time, and apparently they have the mutual shoulder-to-shoulder attitude toward life that makes for success in any walk of endeavor. Mrs. Cagney

(Continued on Page 18)

WANTED: a Law to Protect YOUR EYES



Lenses, Properly Prescribed, Are Shaped by Up-to-date Optometric Stylists to Conform to the Features with as Much Care as That Given to the Most Advanced Millinery—Note How the Curve of the Lenses Is Adapted to the Shape of the Face.

By M. J. JULIAN,
Director Better Vision Institute.

YOUR eyes are your most vigilant guardians. But do you guard them? Scientists have demonstrated that we acquire over 80 per cent of our knowledge through our eyes. Yet over 70 per cent of us are missing much of that knowledge, much of the pleasure in seeing, without knowing it.

Over 20,000,000 industrial and business workers are carrying through their sixty million eyes the future of America's prosperity. Yet more than half are unfit for the job. Accidents, poor work, waste of material, loss of time and curtailed output, caused by defective sight, costs American industry fifty million dollars yearly.

Ninety-five per cent of this staggering sum can be saved, for that percentage of eye trouble can be corrected by optical science. Only three out of ten persons wear glasses, but upon examination it is found that seven out of ten should. Have your eyes examined at least once a year. The reputable eye specialist can help you save and preserve Nature's greatest gift to you—a gift that can never be replaced—your eyes.

Eye defects do not merely dim the vision. They rob us of much of the joy of living, cause headaches and more serious nervous and body disorders. Persons who drive cars and cannot see properly—and there are many who are unaware of their affliction—are a source of danger both to themselves and to others on the highway. Safety, activity and accomplishment are impaired through imperfect vision. In addition to their strenuous efforts to aid eyesight, eyeglass specialists have to protect us from an army of charlatans who seek to enrich themselves at the cost of man's most precious possession.

Quick eye doctors still infest some country districts. Recently there was exposed a heartless racket by one of these conscienceless crooks.

To the aged dwellers in a remote farm came an impressive gentleman who described himself as an eye specialist. He was a benevolent soul and told the farmer he was making a study of eye trouble in older people. Could he make an examination? Quite free, of course. Interested to talk to a stranger and attracted at the prospect of something for nothing, the old man agreed. The visitor went through an elaborate rignarole, flashing mirrors into the aged eyes and asking artificial questions.

Had the old man been troubled with "spots before the eyes?" Did he suffer from dizzy spells? H-m. Just as the "specialist" thought: the farmer needed glasses.

Out of the kindness of his heart the stranger gave a free examination and prescription. In fact, he was so sorry for the countryman that he would take the prescription to the nearest town and have it filled. Also he would see that the patient got the glasses at cost price!

The old couple bade the man a grateful farewell and shortly afterward the farmer received a pair of glasses that apparently aided him (they were ordinary magnifying



You'd Barely Detect the Contact Lens (Protecting the Right Eye) in This Photograph Taken at a Distance of 15 Inches. The Covered Eye Looks Hardly Any Different Than the Left, Which Is Uncovered. Below Is Shown a Contact Lens, Ready for Use.



It Isn't True Any Longer That Men Never Make Passes at Girls Who Wear Glasses, for, If Properly Fitted to the Contour of the Face, They Serve to Enhance, Rather Than Minimize Beauty.

lenses) but did nothing to improve the condition of his eyes.

The quick made little from that transaction. His real profit came as a result of getting the farmer on his sucker list.

Soon afterward the couple received a call from another kindly man who described himself as representative of the company who had made the glasses. He was making a check to see if they were satisfactory. Armed with complicated and glittering apparatus he made an examination. He started, took another look and stepped back, concern in his face.

"What's the matter doctor?" quavered the old man.

The "doctor" wagged his sinful head. "Something here I did not expect," he said solemnly. "There is a growth in one eye that, if not treated immediately, will cause total blindness."

But he would not diagnose it himself. By great fortune he happened to be giving a lift to an eminent ophthalmic specialist. Perhaps he could persuade the doctor to help.

Another hypocrite, bearded, solemn and immaculate, entered. After some conversation he agreed to make a diagnosis.

The frightened old couple waited dully. Yes, an operation was necessary. Not very serious, he assured them, quite painless, in fact. It could be performed with radium.

Of course radium is expensive, but he knew they were not wealthy people, and he would perform the operation without charge. All they had to pay for was the radium. By this time the farmer was so terrified at the prospect of blindness that he would go to any length to raise the money.

When the unscrupulous rascals were certain they could get no more from their victim, they dropped some fluid from a vial into his eyes and left after warning the patient to keep away from light and company for a few days.

The fluid was just ordinary eyewash. A farmer in Massachusetts was persuaded

that his daughter, who had been born blind, could be cured by the "radium treatment."

The farmers demanded \$2,000 for the operation. The frantic parent scoured the countryside to borrow the money. All he could raise was \$500. But his activities attracted the attention of the police and the swindlers were arrested before they could collect.

Occasionally ambitious fakers obtain money from those afflicted with imperfect eyesight by an even more blatant trick. They frequent country

fairs. Part of the apparatus needed is a stage and a good "barker," who can attract and amuse a crowd. While the barker is entertaining his audience with his card tricks or other stunts, his accomplice circulates through the crowd until he comes upon a person wearing glasses. He immediately offers this man a free eyeglass test.

Luring the "sucker" onto the stage, the faker takes his glasses to examine them. While doing so he manages to smear a wax film over the lenses. Then, replacing them on his patient's eyes, he asks the fellow to read the usual vision chart. Of course practically nothing can be seen.

"Ah, your glasses need changing," says the "doctor." "But rather than have you pay the high cost of new glasses, I will grind the lenses by my own special process. It will cost much less."

The victim usually agrees. Then the faker takes the glasses and

The Angular Lenses, in This Case, Add to the Wearer's Attractiveness. Despite the Disparaging Effects of the Wrong Kind of Hat for This Kind of Face.

cleans off the wax. The sucker now can see satisfactorily, of course, but he is out a few dollars.

Swindlers of this type used to make a killing at World Fairs, but nowadays they are usually only found at small gatherings in rural districts.

In many towns watchmakers and jewelers, untrained in the knowledge of eyes and unlicensed to prescribe eye corrections, have a sideline of specialties which they offer at ridiculously cheap prices. People come in and try these glasses on until they find a pair that seems to improve

their vision. These they buy for a few dollars and go out wearing glasses that may cause irreparable damage to their eyes.

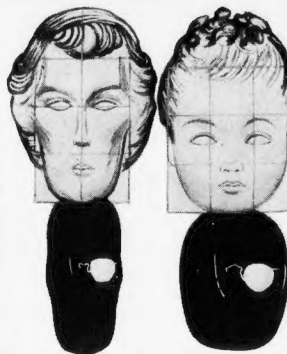
Eye defects cannot be corrected except after a careful examination by an oculist or optometrist who is qualified and licensed to examine and prescribe for glasses.

On the Bowery recently was seen an old man in a greasy cap and beard, to whose forehead were pinned a dozen pairs of "specs" which he was peddling. Questioned by an alert policeman the fellow explained that he was an "eye doctor" in the "old country" and that he had no idea he was doing harm. Whatever backward old country he came from was not disclosed. But such methods are certainly not in keeping with the modern scientific practices of the United States.

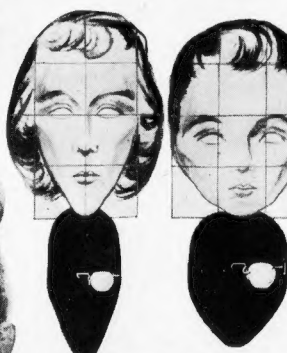
Yet a few weeks ago, when one of the most prominent women in American politics was about to deliver a radio address, she found that

had mislaid her eyeglasses, so she could not

The Better Vision Institute Points Out That 70 Per Cent of the Country's Population Should Have National Supervision to Guard or Correct Their Sight—and Why You Needn't Be Afraid of Being Unattractive If the Doctor Says You Must Wear Glasses



The Eye-Wear Stylus Use Charts Like These to Decide the Proper Shape of a Lens. At the Left Is Shown the Best-Fitted Eyeglasses for a Long and Narrow Face. At the Right the Correct Style for a Round, Chubby Face.



The Lens at the Left Helps Offset the Long, Pointed Chin. While That at the Right Actually Adds Attractiveness to a Round, Angular Face.

reads her script. She attempted to borrow a pair from the studio staff, explaining that she often lost her glasses, but it did not matter SINCE SHE ALWAYS BOUGHT THEM FROM A TEN-CENT STORE!

The Better Vision Institute believes that a national law should be passed requiring that eyeglasses be sold only on a prescription after a thorough examination by a competent specialist. For cheap and therefore usually faulty glasses are actual menaces to good sight.

Only lenses made of the finest ophthalmic glass should be prescribed and used for the only pair of eyes you will ever have. Yet cheap glasses are sold with lenses containing bubbles, striae and defects which distort images instead of correct them.

Ophthalmic or optical glass differs from ordinary glass in that it is especially compounded of soda, silica, lime, potash and other special ingredients. These undergo a continual stirring process for about 24 hours under 2800 degrees Fahrenheit. It takes 600 pounds of this special "optical cook" to make 12 pounds of usable glass for lenses. The bulk is rejected and recooked. The usual errors are in air bubbles, specks, striae or waves, any one of which may alter the doctor's prescription when the lens is ground, so consequently these errors are rejected. The average ophthalmic lens undergoes 45 different inspections and checks from the time it starts as a square or cake of glass, to the point where it is inserted into a spectacle mounting.

Even properly prescribed glasses may be made of inferior material, Japan exports to this country millions of pieces of optical glass which, though much cheaper than our own, is faulty. Often the specialist does not know that the lenses he prescribes have been made of this glass, for certain unscrupulous mail-order jobbers use lenses that are seconds rather than first-grade glass.

The better lens manufacturers in the United States, as well as the ethically-minded eyeglass examiners and the dispensers of spectacles, strongly decried this unfortunate and unnecessary practice of using lenses made of inferior grades of glass.

Some day first quality lenses may carry an identifying hallmark so that the consumer may know for certain that he is receiving only the best lenses it is possible to produce for safe-guarding his precious eyes.

Eyeglasses are known to have been worn by the ancient Chinese. But it is suggested that they were used for decoration rather than as aid to faulty vision. The inventor of eyeglasses is believed to be an Italian monk named Salvino d'Armato who died about the year 1317 A.D. On his tombstone in Venice the following inscription is cut:

"Here lies Salvino Armato d'Armati, Inventor of Spectacles. May God pardon his sins."

Pliny states that the emperor Nero used a "spylas" made of a great emerald through which he watched events in the Coliseum. This may have been an enlarging lens. But it is more likely to have been a polished, concave surface which reflected the activities in the arena.

Eskimos were the first to wear crude goggles to protect their eyes from snow-blindness; a piece of caribou bone bound across the eyes by strands of fibre. The bone was tilted to eliminate most of the light and protect the eyes from most of the brilliant glare. Thus equipped the hunters could approach to within 100 feet of polar bears, blinded by sun-glare.

(Continued on Page 20)

Rare Line LITTLE Mice Into a B. G. Fortune

One of the Little Black and Tan Mice From Which the Yellow Mice Were Bred.

By H. GEORGE FRANKS,
Roving British Author and Journalist.
LONDON, March 18.

SOON after the First World War ended, Mr. A. W. Tuck, of Rayleigh, Essex, read a newspaper article which convinced him that one thing this bungling old world needed was more mice, and better mice—which may sound irrational to all those timid ladies who feel that even one mouse is superfluous.

But Mr. Tuck looked upon mice from an entirely different angle. Being a mere man and a scientist, he didn't scramble up on a chair and scream every time they came near him. Instead, he saw them as useful little animals, for which he figured there was going to be an increasing market—so he decided to raise them in large quantities, regardless of the ladies.

A chemist, without much money, he started out in a modest way with nine ordinary mice and in a few short years, by selective breeding and careful feeding, he ran his original stock way up into the hundreds of thousands and made a fortune.

And now he has the only mousey of its kind in the world, ships out his mice in lots anywhere from a hundred to 20,000, and so important has his industry become to the welfare of the war-torn Empire that the British Government recently mobilized 100,000 descendants of his original nine mice, evacuating 50,000 of them to a subsidiary farm in a bomb-safe area far out in the country.

On top of that, his remarkable achievements as a mouse-breeder got him elected not long ago to one of the most exclusive scientific organizations in England—the Genealogical Society.

Such success, he says, is far greater than anything he had ever imagined—which is fair enough, since he has bred mice that nobody had ever imagined, not even confirmed old alcoholics, tortured in the midst of delirium tremens by their private menageries of pink elephants and purple kangaroos.

The mere thought of what would happen to a chronic drunkard if he happened to stumble on some of Mr. Tuck's prize mice is little short of pitiful: for Mr. Tuck has bred mice of all sorts of surprising colors—blue, black, chocolate, fawn, red, dove, cream, champagne, silver, sepia, and finally lemon-colored mice, which are the only mammals of that startling hue ever born on this muddled earth.

At present, he is experimenting with the idea of producing rainbow-colored mice and sky blue mice with blood-red whiskers, which should be guaranteed to shock into permanent sobriety any old soak who woke up and found himself surrounded by them.

A prettier picture, however, would be the sight of a few thousands of Mr. Tuck's gay colored mice turned loose on the White House lawn at the annual Easter egg rolling—and the sight of the astonished children, convinced that the Easter eggs had suddenly come to life.

There really seems to be no end to what Mr. Tuck can do with mice. Not only can he mix their coloring to suit himself, with almost as much ease as an artist mixing paint on a palette, but he can turn out odd specimens in other respects, such as his mouse with whiskers like a walrus and his curly-haired mouse, which is something that biologists had "always" thought was an impossibility, just as they have always said there wasn't any such animal as the curly-haired wolf, made famous in legends of the old Wild West.

A Pair of the Most Valuable Mice in Captivity—Of Course Enlarged to Show Their Beautiful Whiskers, Although They Are Really Larger Than Ordinary Mice. They Are Lemon Yellow in Color.

But all these colorful mice, and the freakish ones, are largely an expression of artistic and scientific temperament. Mr. Tuck sells some of them to people who keep them and breed them, as a hobby. His real business, however, is raising mice on a wholesale scale for both commercial and wartime purposes.

Having heard about his unique success with mice, I went down to Rayleigh not long ago to interview him for *The American Weekly*, and one of the first questions I asked him was how on earth he had managed to build up this mass production in one generation.

"You are talking about one human generation," he replied, with a smile. "With mice it is different. A female has 12 or 13 litters a year and in each litter she presents her husband with from six to a dozen baby mice."

"At birth, these look like tiny sausages but in three months each is ready, able and willing, as the lawyers say, to become a parent. So you see we are always ready to fill an order, even for 20,000 mice, such as the one we received today."

"Who on earth would want 20,000 mice in a lifetime?" I exclaimed.

"They don't eat them, do they?"

"Some of 'em' do," he replied. "The eagles and the snakes, for instance, and various other animals at the London Zoo. They eat several hundred every week."

"But there are lots bigger customers and just now the biggest of all is the British Government, which needs them to detect chlorine gas from the batteries in submarines and poison gas in the trenches. A mouse will start to die from such a faint whiff of gas that a human being may not be able to smell it."

"The reason the Government recently evacuated 50,000 of my mice to another farm, supposed to be safe from air raids, is that mice are so sensitive to gas that a thorough bombing of this place might kill all I had here, and that would have meant a mouse-famine."

Just why some women should be so afraid of mice was a problem Mr. Tuck didn't try



The Rare Curly-Haired Mice, Bred for the First Time By Mr. Tuck. He Calls the Breed Astrex and Is Particularly Proud of It Because His Exploit in Producing It Resulted in His Election to the Very Exclusive British Genealogical Society.

Mice Breed Very Prolifically, Having 6 to 12 Babies at a Time, Which at First Look Like Nothing But Little Sausages. Papa Mouse Does Not Always Take Kindly to His Family and at the First Sign of Bad Temper Must Be Removed From the Home Circle. Above, a Litter of Mr. Tuck's Yellow Mice.

raise as any other animal and harder than some of them. Unless a breeder carefully watches over the health of his mice, he is likely to have a death rate as huge as the birth rate, which would soon put him out of business.

For instance, the cage of little Willie's one pet mouse usually doesn't smell like a rose, yet Mr. Tuck's mouse barracks, containing thousands upon thousands, have no smell at all.

Sanitary measures have a good deal to do with eliminating the unpleasant smell, of course, but even more important is the diet.

One cause of the characteristic mousey odor, he explained, is the mouse's favorite food item, when left to its own devices. That's cheese.

"Cheese is never on the menu of my mice," said Mr. Tuck, "nor bread nor chocolate, which are all bad for them and cause the mousey to smell. Correct food is vital. The best ration is a mixture of cod-liver oil, rolled oats, bird seed and salt, with an occasional salad of wild plants and flowering grasses."

"There are lots of other things that must be watched. For instance, the family life of the mouse is not all that it should be. We have to patrol the dormitories, spying on the domestic life of every couple, night and day."

"As soon as we hear sounds of a row between Mr. and Mrs. Mus Domesticus, we give them a divorce much quicker than human beings can get one in Reno. Otherwise the baby mice are likely to be killed in the rumpus. The father mouse usually goes on a rampage just after his wife has presented him with a dozen or so heirs and heirsesses. Why this should so upset him is not clear.

100,000 of Their Descendants Being Mobilized in the War—And, as a Sideline, Ingenious Mr. Tuck Gives You Blue, Chocolate, Fawn, Red, Dove, Cream, Champagne, Silver or Sepia Mice and His Latest Triumphs, the Lemon Mouse and the Curly-Haired Mouse—And Hopes to Produce Rainbow Mice



Every Consignment of Mr. Tuck's Mice Is Carefully Weighed Before Going to the Buyers.

He does not have to support the family—we do that.

"It is because the affairs of mice and men are so similar as regards diet and health that the little animal has become so valuable to the big one in medical experiments."

That was what I read about right after the last war and which made me foresee the present demand for mice. In the next hundred years the mouse may repay with interest all its ancestors have stolen from man."

Mr. Tuck's fortune and his practical value lie in this mass mouse production, but his scientific heart lies in a side line. The mousey, too precious to almost by the carload, are just common, run-of-the-mill mice such as anyone could breed, but among these proletarian rodents are some aristocratic supermice, too precious to

be fed to eagles, used for medical purposes or even sold as pets. The eye of science is on some of them because they are revealing some of Nature's secrets.

The mouse that astonished me most of all because it didn't look possible was his bright-lemon colored variety. One of these creatures is quite tame and a pet of one of the assistants, who carries it around in his pocket. Upon hearing a strange voice, out almost by the carload, are just common, run-of-the-mill mice such as anyone could breed, but among these proletarian rodents are some aristocratic supermice, too precious to

Nature, I was told, has no prejudice against dark yellow mice, and produces one every little while. The others, however, don't like this color and drive the unfortunate possessor of such a coat away to live a solitary, bachelor existence. But Mr. Tuck, out of his hundreds of thousands of mice, was able to assemble enough of this partial color to make them breed true, and in this way eventually produce his unique lemon-colored variety.

However, the lemon-colored mouse isn't considered so important now as some of the others, such as the curly-haired Astrex, and the "tickled" mice.

The tickled mice come in about all the colors you would find in a paint store but the color you first see is only the outer one. Hold a tickled mouse, tail end toward you, and blow on its fur, and it magically changes color. The ruffling of its fur reveals an undercoat of a different shade. The one they let me transform turned from silver-fawn into blue-cream.

The king of them all right now is a beautiful curly-haired Astrex. It has a regal apartment, all to itself, in a drawer of Mr. Tuck's desk, where the proprietor of the mousey

(Continued on Page 16)

"Uncle Sam sure did help— make tobacco better than ever

... and Luckies always buy the finer grades,"
says H. H. Scott, 12 years an independent buyer

IN A NUTSHELL, here's why we ask: "Have you tried a Lucky lately?"

1. The world has never known finer tobacco than American farmers have grown in recent years with the scientific help of Uncle Sam.
2. Among independent tobacco experts—buyers, auctioneers and warehousemen—Luckies are the 2 to 1 favorite. Experts like H. H. Scott point out that Luckies have bought the choicer grades of these better-than-ever tobaccos. So *Luckies* are better than ever!
3. These finer tobaccos have been aged from 2 to 4 years, and have been further mellowed by the "Toasting" process, which takes out certain throat irritants found in all tobacco.

We believe that no smoker who has *not* tried Luckies lately can know how fine a modern cigarette can be. So try them for a week. Then you'll know why... WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 to 1

Copyright 1940, The American Tobacco Company

Actual color photographs. Before the harvest—inspection of a crop of better-than-ever tobacco grown at Willow Springs, N. C., by U. S. Government methods. (Below) H. H. Scott looks over some fine leaf after it's been cured.



*Have you tried a
Lucky lately?*



Mr. and Mrs. Jacques Still Love Each Other — BUT



"When Ready for Bed, Rita Burnt Me Behind the Ear With a Cigarette."



"She Came in at One-thirty and Woke Me Up By Putting My Ears and Nose."



"I Went to Bed and She Woke Me Up by Biting the Side of My Face."



"Another Time She Awoke Me by Pressing a Kitchen Knife Against My Back."



"On Still Another Occasion She Woke Me by Digging Her Fingers Into My Scalp."

EXHIBIT B.
"Twice on a Sunday afternoon That both of us got tight. And Rita said, 'Ching comes home soon, so let's go out tonight.' We took a quart of Ching's own gin and to the Ramblers went. Drunk as we were, they let us in. I spent my last damned cent. 'Poor Rita fell in every place That could be fallen on. And me—how can I show my face? I'll have a rep like Don. And Rita fell some more. He gave her Scotch, the dirty louse, And I was getting sore. 'I mean to say, by those four lines, That life is dull and slow Until the minister combines The two of you, know.'"

MR. CHANNING K. "Ching" JACQUES, wealthy New York chairman, member of the Sons of the Revolution and Sons of Lafayette, did not write this poetic tribute to his wife. Somebody else did and Mr. Jacques handed it up to Supreme Court Justice J. Sidney Bernstein, as "Exhibit B" in his divorce suit against the inspiring Rita Jacques. When Rita came home in those strange moods which induced her to undress out in the public hallway, as he alleges, and to hang all her clothes on doorknobs of other apartments, he wondered what had gone before to make her that way and thought the poem threw some light on the mystery. Also there was "Exhibit A," which was just a prose love letter, signed "Doug."

According to Mrs. Jacques' affidavit asking \$550 a week separation alimony, her wealthy husband permitted her to buy only at bargain sales, with a top price of \$3 to \$5 for dresses and \$2 to \$3 for shoes. A psychologist might guess that her alleged disrobing act was a gesture of protest, in which she left the unsatisfactory raiment outside the home so she could enter it a condition ready for a new deal in clothes.

But Rita says it isn't true and that it wouldn't have got her anything. Her husband says he woke up and finding a completely undressed wife, went out and retrieved the missing garments said to have been hanging like fancy-colored crepe on his neighbors' doors.

The most remarkable charges are quoted from "Ching's" diary. The Jacqueses were married in 1922, having two children, Marianne Jacques, now 14 years old, and Thomas, 12. But the husband did not think these and other less blessed events sufficiently notable to record until 1931.

From then on the diary contains intermittent entries mostly of a startling nature with gaps which he says meant: "That I forgive Rita and we were some what happy then," or "Buried the hatchet with Rita but it cannot be more than temporary."

Two notes in January, 1932, asserted that Rita had come home intoxicated from the Art Association, at 2 A. M., and again at 3 A. M. Then came this one: "Jan. 23—Home on the 8:30 train. Rita was home. (Evidently clothed and in her right mind.) I refused to kiss her and we had a terrible quarrel. Rita tore up the ticket to Sunday night dinner, she then broke my pipe on the radiator and when I went upstairs for another, she came up after me and quarrelled. She was terribly abusive and then tried to hit me with a cigarette box. She left and did not return until 4 A. M."

Mr. Jacques should have fought it out on the home front even if it took all summer because every time he left his home at Pelham, in Westchester County, for a visit to their estate at Hamilton Bays, Long Island, something seemed to happen, like this: "Jan. 26—Marianne (his daughter) told me that Rita and Florence M. had parties in the house since I left Friday; that a man had stayed all Friday night and all day Saturday; that another strange man came on Saturday afternoon and that both men stayed all night Saturday until Sunday."

scene until he went away again, which was followed by this entry: "Feb. 7—Came home from Hampton Bays at 9:10 P. M. The house was dark, shades were lowered, went in. Found Rita with Morgan Mann, in the living room, both on the couch, under a blanket. Mann had his coat and vest off, both had their shoes off. I kicked them both out of the house."

"Feb. 9—Rita phoned a message for me to call back. Refused. Ida (the maid) said Mann had come in the afternoon for Rita's clothes and had taken the children's bank and my kit bag, too. Rita phoned me from Philadelphia asking for forgiveness and money. I felt pretty badly."

"Feb. 12—Morgan Mann's parents are looking for him." Apparently they found him because the diary shows one of those amiable blankets for more than two months until: "May 10—I called Rita at one o'clock and could tell by her voice that she was drunk. Came home at



Mrs. Rita Jacques Enjoyed a Cigarette, But Her Husband Didn't Because, He Complained, Between Puffs She Would Burn Him With the Lighted Tip.

6 P. M. and found Rita still drinking." Solitary drinking is supposed to be very bad but Mr. Jacques suspected that it might be even worse. Observing a masculine hat that did not belong to him, the husband decided the presence of an invisible man. So he made a room-to-room search and the diary states: "I found a man hiding in the closet of the baby's room and threw him out of there and out of the house."

But if Ching imagined that this was another "morganatic man," he was mistaken, as the diary goes on to explain: "Rita said that she had been going out with gangsters, that she had double-crossed them, they had put her on the spot and this man was a detective to protect her."

As far as the record shows, this explanation was accepted because the diary gives only minor skirmishes and reconciliations until the following incident in 1935, at Pelham:

"May 13—I went to bed but Rita woke me up by biting me on the side of my face. We had an awful quarrel."

"June 25—Rita tried to hit me with a hand mirror."

"June 26—Rita very remorseful."

Minor hostilities continued until December 31, 1936, the

critical period between Merry Christmas and Happy New Year when so many matrimonial explosions occur. The diary says:

"December 31—Home for dinner and found Rita drunk. Told her I would not take her out New Year's Eve. She ran towards me with a carving knife, but I took it away from her. Later she came upstairs after me with two razor blades which I also took away from her."

"Jan. 1—Rita said she had taken New Year's resolution to stop drinking. Gave her two weeks in my mind."

According to the next entry, he was over-optimistic: "Jan. 7—Rita took Marianne to opera, drank between acts and came home drunk."

The next important item is alleged to have happened as Mr. Jacques was composing his

"Nov. 19—Rita awoke me by digging fingers into my scalp."

The year 1938 began like the previous one, with: "Jan. 1—Rita on the wagon. I doubt it."

How long it lasted is not set down but the war was on again soon enough if the following is to be believed: "Jan. 17—Rita woke me by pressing kitchen knife into my back. I cannot go on like this."

But they did go on like that with "terrible arguments" until:

"April 13—Rita came in at 1:30 and woke me up by pulling my nose and ears."

It was at their New York apartment, 2 Beekman Place, that she is alleged on June 2, to have entered as if she had mistaken home



Rita Is Shown Here Pouring Coffee, But Mr. Jacques' Diary Doesn't Say Anything About Coffee. It Mentions Only Liqueur.

mind for sleep: "Sept. 21—When ready for bed, Rita burnt me behind the ear with a cigarette. Slapped her and knocked her down."

"Nov. 19—Rita awoke me by digging fingers into my scalp."

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It was at their New York apartment, 2 Beekman Place, that she is alleged on June 2, to have entered as if she had mistaken home

for a nudist camp. The next three days seem to have been spent in vain attempts to learn the name of the man he suspected she was out with that night. On July 24, is mentioned an important victory for the lady: "About 1 A. M. Rita came upstairs and stabbed me in the back with a pen. The points broke off. Called doctor and had them removed."

November 18, finds him gazing at 20 empty beer bottles in the kitchen, wondering "how many of them she had and with whom."

The year ends with this: "Dec. 31—Celebrated New Years by having Rita throw a bottle of beer in my face."

The first month of the new year shows these two incongruous items: "Jan. 26—I have never seen a more disgusting woman."

"Jan. 27—Rita very sweet but could not talk to her."

The calendar-dog life went on until just before Christmas which brought another high spot in the form of another man said to have been thrown out of the house.

"Dec. 24—Buried the hatchet with Rita but it cannot be more than temporary."

A Ching seems to have wearied of being a "thrower-out" of unknown men because the diary ends with this last item:

"Jan. 13 (1940)—Found Rita with strange man in our apartment. Packed bag and went to National Republican Club where I am still living."

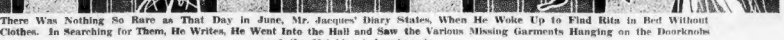
Mrs. Jacques, who is 36 years old and weighs about 110 pounds (her husband is in his forties and weighs about 275 pounds, ringside and fire-side), says there is not a word of truth in the diary except that, sometimes she may have lost her temper when "Ching" boasted of feminine conquests.

She says: "I repeat that notwithstanding the fact that I am extremely fond of my husband, his conduct of late was becoming more unbearable than even previously. This sanctimonious, yet parsimonious husband of mine has always purchased the best for himself. He never takes me out with him, but goes out himself and lavishes money on women, which he does not deny. He calls me at all hours and advises me that he will be home, but does not show up for three or four days."

"He conceives plots and jealousies to cover his own infidelities and has stated that I don't sort with other men. So jealous has he become, especially that he has even questioned my little daughter on the occasions when she is home, as to my daily program. On the morning of January 13, 1940, at two in the morning, he broke into the apartment with two men, threatening to have me thrown out."

"I have looked at my own diaries and have found that on every occasion referred to in his alleged extracts wherein there was mention of drunkenness, strangely my diary shows that he was the culprit. Can it be that he used detectives to make extracts of my diary for his purposes? It is strange."

In this battle of the diaries, the legal records are: for Mrs. Jacques, Hainke and Lippert, of 1450 Broadway, New York; and in the husband's corner, Louis G. Langer, of 255 Madison Ave., New York.



There Was Nothing So Rare as That Day in June, Mr. Jacques' Diary States, When He Woke Up to Find Rita in Bed Without Clothes. In Searching for Them, He Went Into the Hall and Saw the Various Missing Garments Hanging on the Doorknobs of the Neighbors' Apartments.

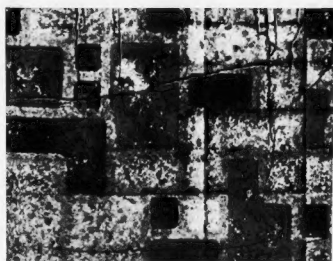


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2 Spread it around lightly with a cloth or long-handled Glo-Coat Applicator. That's *all* you have to do. *No rubbing, no polishing.* Go about your other work and forget your kitchen floor.



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Found the Pharaoh Made Common a Horse Trader

"And Solomon had horses brought out of Egypt... And they fetched up, and brought forth out of Egypt a chariot for six hundred shekels of silver, and an horse for an hundred and fifty; and to brought they out horses for all the kings of the Hittites, and for the kings of Syria, by their means." 2 Chronicles, 1:16, 17.

REMOVING a block of pink granite from the burial chamber wall of Pharaoh Sheshonq, at Tanis, Egypt, Professor Pierre Montet, of Strasbourg University, stepped through the hole to find himself in the tomb and presence of Pharaoh Psousennes, the most important of all King Solomon's 700 fathers-in-law.

This monarch, of 3,000 years ago, the second in Egypt's twenty-first dynasty, was a mighty military ally for Solomon, whose little empire lay right in the path of the armies whenever his powerful neighbors wanted to fight each other. Even better, perhaps, Psousennes proved to be a most profitable business associate in the horse and chariot industry, of which Egypt had practically a monopoly.

Solomon, reputedly one of the shrewdest kings that ever lived, found himself in a poor position to make a military alliance with the proud and supposedly divine Pharaoh of rich and highly-civilized Egypt. The Egyptians looked upon Israel as a little upstart kingdom and remembering that the Jews had been working for them, practically as slaves, "making bricks without straw" not so long before.

Pharaoh Psousennes knew that King Solomon needed peace at any price while he consolidated the domain left him by King David. For a man in Solomon's position, with neither wealth nor military power to offer, asking a military alliance with a strong neighbor was a dangerous confession of weakness. It was likely to be answered by an invasion.

Nevertheless, empty-handed Solomon managed to close the deal with the haughty lord of the Nile, who was so pleased with his bargain that he made it binding and permanent by contributing one of his own Princess daughters to the Israelite's rapidly-growing harem.

In nothing was Solomon smarter than as a business man, who looked at rich industrialized Egypt with envy, as everyone else did, but also with understanding. Egypt had her troubles which the Jewish King could see into. The 21st dynasty Pharaohs were probably the most business-minded of all the Egyptian rulers, he indicated by the fact that they transferred their capital from ancient Thebes to Tanis, which was a handier trading center for the country's customers.

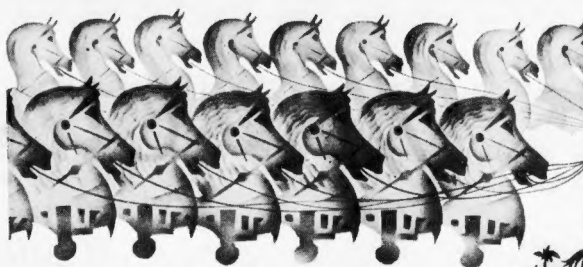
One of Pharaoh's chief headaches was his horse and chariot industry, a financial millstone around his neck, yet one that he dared not liquidate. This had been started and eagerly built up by previous Pharaohs entirely for home consumption. A chariot, drawn by fast horses, was worth as much to an army in those days as a squadron of tanks today.

But when production had reached a point where it could supply Egypt's conquering armies in time of war, the product was found to be almost a dead loss in time of peace. The number of native consumers was limited to the royal family, the nobles and a few high government officials. The chariot is not to be compared with the modern automobile but rather with a million-dollar steam yacht.

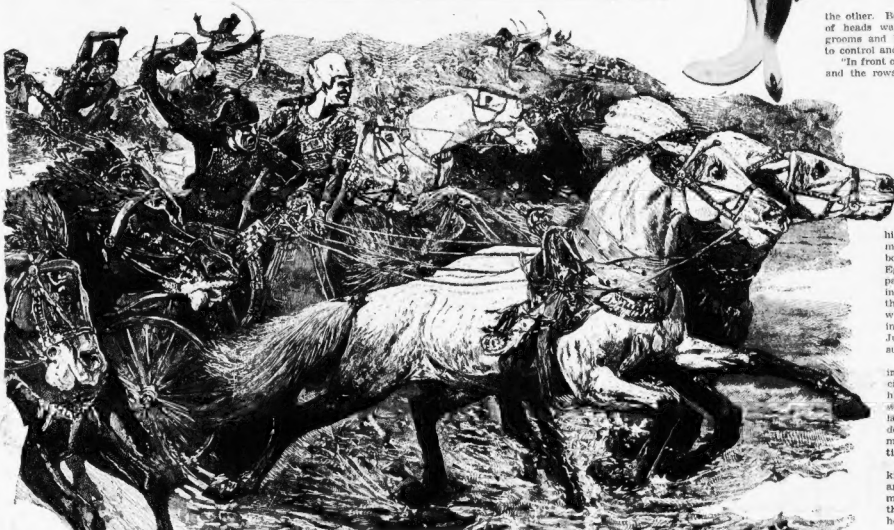
There were kings, princes, armies and other prospects in various parts of the world but the export business was not feasible. A chariot could be knocked down, crated and shipped anywhere that an Egyptian or Phoenician galley could go but it was of little value unless accompanied by a supply of trained horses, to say nothing of spare parts. Unless the little cockle-shell boats of that era had a light and fair wind all the way, the chance of a horse making the journey alive was rather small.

What Pharaoh needed was an outlet and general distribution agent for Egypt's chariots and horseflesh. But when Solomon saw this and pointed it out to businessman Psousennes who knew a good thing when he saw it. One of Solomon's neighbor kings was the fact that there was a handy overland route by which an Egyptian army could march all the way into Canaan, which was Solomon's front yard, and Pharaoh controlled the entire route.

Solomon's proposition was to have Psousennes send, instead of hostile armies, his surplus horses and chariots over that route under their own power, as far as Megiddo, later known as Armageddon. There he would accept them C.O.D. and himself undertake

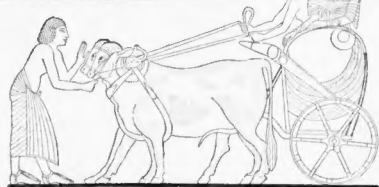


Archeologists Discover the Tomb and Mummy of the Very Businesslike Egyptian Ruler Who Started the Wise King in the Horse and Chariot Business and Gave Him His Daughter to Clinch the Bargain



The Pharaoh of the Exodus in His War Chariot, Driving the Egyptian Horses of a Breed Which King Solomon Later Acquired. From the Painting by Frederick A. Bridgman.

Part of the Ruins of the Great Stables of King Solomon at Armageddon, Palestine, Where the Wise King kept Some of His 12,000 Chariot Horses. Photograph by the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago.



Old Egyptian Wall Painting of the Queen of Ethiopia Visiting a Pharaoh in a Golden Egyptian Chariot Which Had Been Presented to Her at That Time. However, the Horses Were Not Allowed to Be Sold or Given Away Outside Egypt, So the Queen Is Being Driven by Oxen.

to find customers. The prices he paid, figured in our money, at \$250 for each chariot and \$80 per horse, seems cheap enough. But it should be remembered that money has been constantly inflated in one way or another down the ages, and at that time had a purchasing value of about thirty times as much as today.

Therefore it was really as if a modern man were to pay \$10,800 for a chariot and \$2,700 for a horse wholesale. Unfortunately Solomon did not give out his list of retail prices or, at least, they never got into the record.

It is an easy guess that Solomon gave demonstrations to wealthy Hittite and Babylonian visiting princes, also that His Majesty was a good salesman. It probably did not take long before any sort of prince who wished to be considered of importance had to own a genuine Egyptian chariot and a stable of fine horses.

Then the armies became regular and heavy customers. Egypt was delighted with this steady outlet and Solomon got rich quick on that and the sideline which the main traffic carried. Of course Egypt would hardly attack and presumably would come to the aid of such a good customer, if he were attacked. But there were other business peoples who lived by trading, especially the Phoenicians. They were also customers and if they ganged up, it might be serious.

Trust the far-sighted Solomon to foresee this and estimate the nuisance value of Hiram, King of the Phoenician city of Tyre, which was suffering from an overproduction problem. Apparently there had been a depression along the Mediterranean, with the result that Hiram's storehouses were bursting with precious metals, jewels and manufactured products, while his skilled artisans were out of work. At the same time there seems to have been a shortage of foodstuffs.

Solomon made Hiram a proposition to swap

materials and skilled labor for food products of which Solomon had collected a fine big surplus by taxation. Businessman Hiram was sold on the idea and the swap went on for the next seven years. The Tyrians enjoying cheap food, materials and technical skill to help their tribulations, to build the forever-famous Temple of Jerusalem.

The Jews at that time had neither the money, materials nor technical skill to have attempted this wonder of the world. Solomon went into profitable partnership in other lines with Hiram and with many other great personages, far and wide, even to the Queen of Sheba, who appears to have owned valuable mining properties in Abyssinia. Through Solomon's long and peaceful reign it seems that whenever someone threatened war, this business genius appeased him by

showing him how to make more money in peaceful trade than by sacking a string of cities.

In 1928, archeologists of the University of Chicago, digging into the mound of dust which marked the site of once mighty and prosperous Megiddo, found that 3,000 years ago it had been not only a fortress but the service station, distributing point and center of a vast horse trade. After uncovering a quarter acre of stalls and stone mangers, Professor P. L. Gay, lead director of the expedition, wrote: "The stalls were arranged in double rows. The horses therefore stood in two rows, about twelve horses in every row, one row facing

the other. Between each two rows of heads was a passage for the grooms and keepers of the horses to control and feed them.

"In front of each horse was a stone manger and the rows of mangers were divided into sections by massive stone hitching posts, still containing the original tie holds for the insertion of halter ropes for tying the horses."

What happened to this big business?

Well, it was a dangerous one, like its counterpart, the modern munitions industry. Before long King Solomon was not only breeding his own horses for himself and his customers but manufacturing chariots that nobody could tell from the genuine Egyptian. For these, perhaps, he paid a royalty to his royal father-in-law and perhaps not. Also when the customers were well supplied with these war weapons they were in a tempting position to attack Judea and Israel, under Solomon's successors.

No doubt Solomon had a hand in developing the so-called "chariot cities" where there were great hippodromes for chariot-racing, which reached its height of popularity under the Romans and comes down to this day in the form of modern race tracks. It is sometimes called "the sport of kings."

But it was really the business of kings, one of them being Solomon, and it was organized to create more peace-time customers for their costly chariots and race horses.

For all his wisdom, Solomon was sowing the seed of trouble, not only with this armaments business but also with heavy taxation. The storm broke while his son Rehoboam was on the throne. The Northern tribes withdrew, leaving the Jewish nation divided, while Egypt turned hostile under Psousennes' successor Sheshonq.

Last year The American Weekly related the discovery by this same Professor Montet of Sheshonq's tomb. This was the Biblical Shishak who stripped the golden shields from the palace that had been Solomon's. And now through the wall of Sheshonq's tomb he has found his way to that of Psousennes I, or Psousennut I.

The newly discovered tomb is described as twenty-three feet by ten with a massive square sarcophagus of granite at one end. This is covered with hieroglyphic sculpture. On its top is carved the god Osiris, lying on his back, with a kneeling goddess stretching protective arms over his head. Inside this is another sarcophagus of granite, in the shape of a mummy and bearing the King's likeness.

The mummy was encased in a beautiful case of solid silver, its head covered with a mask of pure gold, and the rest of its body covered by silver gilt. With it were found many bracelets, golden cases for the fingers and toes, a pair of golden shoes and other pieces of elaborate jewelry.

Numerous necklaces were found, mainly of gold, including some of gold chains which were strung rubies and sapphires. Almost the entire chest of the mummy was covered with huge gold ornaments bearing inscriptions. Virtually all the jewelry is in a perfect state of preservation and the only objects that are not well preserved are two large wooden chests which had stood near the entrance of the tomb. During the centuries dampness from the Nile destroyed the wood and the funerary statues which once stood on them lie in two heaps on the floor. Four canopic vases, with tops in the shape of human heads and wigs indicated by stripes of blue and gold paint were found.

There were also a number of gold vases, a large chalice, in the form of the lotus flower, a long-necked bottle, a ewer, a jug, a bowl, a cup. Here too was a large stand for offerings, made up of round plates, mounted on a tubular foot.

The discoveries made by Professor Montet, in the new tomb chest, in wealth and importance, those made in the tombs of Sheshonq and Tutankhamun. This latest discovery may be even more important because it is more complete and contains a greater number of inscriptions.

Mrs. Caesar

By Wallace Irwin



Beginning a Dramatic New Serial of Love and Passion by the Author of "Mated," "The Days of Her Life," "Young Wife," and Many Other Popular Novels, Who Is Internationally Famous for His "Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy"

CHAPTER I

MARGOT squirmed against the table, as though a cold hand lay across her bare back. John Tabor turned to her the shy smile he had for his young wife, and asked, "Why aren't you dancing?" Her just-don't-feel-like-it seemed to satisfy him, and he went on arguing with the older men. She couldn't tell him, now or ever, what was worrying her out of all proportion to the cause. A thought popped in: Caesar was the strongest man in the world, and his best friend stabbed him. Ted Mills was the only intimate John's proud heart admitted.

The music stopped. A river of silky girls and white-fronted young men poured into the Anchor Room, caught against the bar, drifted among the tables. Young men who had been badgering Margot for a dance—approaching John's table with a sort of sardonic respect—were paired off now. It was time to drink to Ted Mills' health in Ted Mills' champagne and celebrate regatta night at the Mariners Club.

Margot's wandering eyes lit on another, older group across the room. Mrs. Theodore L. Mills. Alma was aging too rapidly. In black velvet, sparkling with family diamonds, she was easy and pleasant and dignified. She had never been pretty; her face was too long, her teeth too prominent. Somehow her faded eyes gave her beauty; they were so kind. And her smile. She was happy tonight, Margot thought, because her Ted was the club's new Commodore.

Dear Alma. Watching her, Margot felt again that she was close to her much closer, then to any other woman in Fan Harbor. As close to her as John was to her husband, Ted Mills. The thought of him was quaintish. Suddenly Margot said to herself: Alma's protected me from the first. Now I'm protecting her. And protecting John, too. Tonight, her iron gray hair brightly waved, formality didn't change Alma much from the gentle, capable woman who ran Ted Mills' first house out on Bass Point. She never changed much; she couldn't. In a quick memory Margot thought of her visit there last week, days that had spun along soothfully, and ended in a shock.

She remembered Alma sitting by the lily pool, in a black flowered dress that fitted too loosely over her bones. Her little boy, Ronnie,

was playing Arabian Nights with a toy golf bag. Margot, unreasonably loving the child, had said that he wouldn't grow up to be a business man. He was all imagination, he'd be an artist of some kind.

The woman's faded eyes had turned to her sweetly. "Margot, you're the one who should have had the babies. Ronnie has a lovely little mind, but he's never been strong. I was too old when he was born. Sometimes I feel you have a share in Ronnie. You've been so good to him, and he understands you so . . ."

Looking across the room, she caught Alma's inviting smile. Impulsively Margot quit John's table and went over to her. Alma was sanctuary to her tonight. Bony ringed fingers went affectionately over Margot's hand. There wasn't much time to talk, because Alma's dowagers were busy with Colonel Darnes. Alma said, "You ran home last week before we got back. Ronnie and I missed you. He was in a perfect dither. You know how he is about you." "And the way I am about Ronnie," Margot said, wholeheartedly. "But she wasn't quite frank when she tried to explain that she had had a thousand things to do around the house before John got home."

"I know how husbands are," said Alma, always with a look of gratitude for Ted Mills, who had married her fortune and her social position and troubled them both. "But you must come to us soon again, Margot. Ronnie asks for you every half hour."

Margot tried to put cordiality into her voice, then Mrs. Mills was busy again with her group, and Margot went back to John's table. As she passed along young hands plucked at her, fingers beckoned and eager voices shouted, "Aw, come on, Marg!" Her wide pretty mouth opened to a laugh; she made a note at them all and took her chair again beside John.

Languidly, she watched the others pouring in from the ballroom, and was interested, as she always was, in Nora Drew. Smooth-brushed silver gilt hair made harmony with green eyes and big emeralds in her ears. The girl looked like a lily, but she lacked repose. Margot decided she was like a sub-deb, offering her young man everything she had. The young man, naturally, was Rube Halloran. Tall, rather poetic with his narrow nose and

curly hair, Rube was giving a sarcastic twist to nice eyebrows, amusing Nora. She laughed, of course. Laughed at everything Rube said.

I could give her a few pointers. As he came up to their table little Phil Morgan, the local comedian, was yelling the tribute, "Damon and Pythias! Arise and shine!" John Tabor's lazier voice had become sweet with an unstinted friendship as he laughed and shook Ted's hand.

Leaning over her Ted Mills' star sapphire studs almost brushed her face. She calmed herself by thinking. He's ashamed of himself, and being big about it. She saw the brilliant blue of John's eyes, full of faith; queer for a lawyer, trained to suspect everybody. Something within her made her resolve that she would never break his faith, nor Alma's, nor the little boy she loved as though he were her own.

Then she remembered last week again: Ted Mills with another voice, another face. Suddenly she got up, squirmed under a big arm and went among the tables where the youngsters of her own age were making shoopees. Let John stay, if he wanted to. She wouldn't. She'd walk home.

"Hey, Marg!" Nora Drew's crowded table was joining, right behind her. Little Phil Morgan, Rube's pal, tried to give her his chair. "School's out, Marg. Come on!" Rube Halloran turned from Nora. His face was curiously grave. "Nora, plainly fussed, was sweeter than sugar, calling, 'Won't you kick in with us, Marg?'" Margot pulled a grin and quirked her nose at all of them.

Nora's mouth puckered as Rube Halloran scrambled out of her circle. Margot had started across the room; the band was tooting vigorously again. She felt Rube's hand seizing her arm, and shook it away. His anxiety seemed to pull her around.

"What's matter, Marg? You sore? Where are you going?"

"Home. Is that strange?" She laughed.

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"Home. Is that strange?" She laughed.

Her witness was striking on Rube's, like two flints. "Even catpillars have homes, you know," "Home doing what?"

"Knitting sweaters."

She had to look up a little into his heavy-lashed hazel eyes. She was tall, he was taller. She knew she'd miss him a little, now that she had made up her mind about men.

"For a lawyer's wife you do have the bluntest alibi. Why aren't you dancing?" They were against the ballroom door. Rube's face, which would never grow up to his twenty-eight years, was concerned, guessing. "Well, you're a lot different."

"Maybe it's my hair. Do you like it, piled up this way?"

He looked at the heavy coils with admiring eyes while she chatted on, playing against time. Did she look older, with her hair that way?

He laughed, "Like a baby playing lady-coon-to-see."

She said something aimless about being bitter, and knew that she had been with Rube too much this Summer; he was in love with her again, or thought he was. That wouldn't do. Not that John had any right to care. John had made a treaty with her two months after their marriage; one of Caesar's high-minded gestures to his pretty wife. "You're young and I'm not," he had decided for her. "You like that sort of fun, I don't. Run around with your own age. Pick a beau or two, if you feel like it. You're too sensible to get yourself in a mess."

Rube, so very close to her, seemed to emanate a love she could not, would not return. She hadn't messed it with him, nor come close to danger since one night last year. Married now, she had done well with the perilous freedom John gave her.

Rube was urging, "Why don't you let me come over and knit sweaters? I bet I can learn."

Keeping her eyes bright and shallow, she

(Continued on Next Page)

"Where Are You Going, Marg?" Asked Rube, Seizing the Arm of John Tabor's Lovely Young Wife as She Started to Escape From the Hilarious Club Celebration.



Romantic 18th French Print Entitled "Les Pirates Algériens," Showing a Raid of the Mediterranean Fish-Boaters Near a Greek Village and the Kidnaping of Women for the Slave Market.



THE AMERICAN WEEKLY offers today the tenth of a remarkable series of articles by Harold T. Wilkins, English explorer, who is a world-famous authority on the subject, and who has spent a large part of his life in investigating the blood-stained but glamorous foot of the Gentlemen of the 17th Century.

Mr. Wilkins has his plans made for an expedition next year to seek unknown treasures of the best-known of all American pirates, Captain Kidd.

*Our grumbling guns they flashed and roared,
Till the corsairs' masts went overboard.
And we fired shot till the Moslem's deck
Was blood and spars and broken wreck.
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we,
On the bonny coasts of Barbary.*

By HAROLD T. WILKINS,
Explorer and Treasure Seeker.

CHAPTER X.

LAST March, wandering inquisitively through the souks, colorful native bazaars, of Sale in French Morocco, I came upon some interesting relics. There were old weapons that had never been wrought by Moslem armors. A Mussulman was wearing his djelbab, or hooded woollen cloak with a row of buttons that bore an ancient crest. Wrinkled Moslem teachers whispered of treasure uncountable in the secret pits of Fez, and the little door to the Treasury House in the lovely garden near the Koutoubia in Marrakesh the Red, is still closely guarded. It is said to contain not merely gold dust and ivory from Timbuctoo caravans, but jeweled ornaments and heavy, priestly vessels that had served another Master than He who was the inspiration of Mahomet of Karesch.

Among the urchins screaming "backsheesh" in the souks of Rabat were frowny-headed Arabs with snub noses and blue eyes; not of offspring of the fair-skinned Berbers, for Berbers do not mix, but descendants of prisoners taken hundreds of years ago by the Crusaders of Christendom—the Barbians.

From the beginning of time, the Mediterranean was the cradle of piracy. The ancient slave markets of Cairo, Constantinople, Tunis, Algiers, Fez and Marrakesh have resounded to the hails of slit-eyed merchants for the bodies of shrinking, pale-skinned women from the countries north of the Inland Sea.

After the Hegira, when Mahomet led his hordes in a ravaging host across North Africa, magnificent buildings were erected in the Moslem capitals by horny-handed sailors, Christian captives of the Moslem pirates. No seacoast village in Italy, Spain or Portugal was safe. No gulf ventured to the beach for fear of some swift-sailed craft manned with swarthy, fierce-eyed rovers, hunting to replenish the harems of their masters.

They even harried English shores: a Barbary galley was captured in the river Thames. A coast town in Ireland was sacked by snarling Moors bellowing "Din! Din! Kill! Kill!" as they scimitared the doughty burghers and snatched their white-skinned, blue-eyed women away to the secret slave markets of North Africa.

Cervantes, author of Don Quixote, was once taken by Barbary rovers and sold as a slave. Saint Vincent de Paul was captured in 1605, sold into slavery, but was rescued by the French.

One of the earliest accounts of Mediterranean piracy is that concerning the capture and ransom of no less a personage than Julius Caesar, in 78 B.C. He had been banished from Rome by the Dictator Sulla, and was traveling to Rhodes. Off the rocky coast of Caria several long, low craft were sighted. Rowed by banks of slaves, the pirates swiftly rowed alongside the slow merchantman and boarded. The pirate chief strode the deck of Caesar's ship and demanded who the young exquisite might be. Julius Caesar looked the swarthy ruffian over, disdained to answer and

returned to the study of a manuscript he was holding. The pirate demanded how much ransom he could pay. The Roman still refused to talk.

"A patrician! Ask for ten talents," counseled a lieutenant.

"So! Curse his superior airs. I'll double it!" Julius Caesar lifted his eyebrows.

"Twenty? If you knew your business you'd realize that I'm worth at least fifty." (Fifty talents would now be valued at \$750,000.)

The pirate was staggered. But he bundled off the young man with his followers to the rovers' port, Pharmacusa, to await messengers sent to collect the ransom. Like a true Roman patrician Julius Caesar despised the pirates. Bluntly he told them that if ever they fell into his hands in the future he would crucify the whole lot.

After several weeks the messenger returned to report that fifty talents had been deposited with the legate Valerius Torquatus. Julius Caesar was freed and sent with his men to Miletus. He immediately borrowed four war galleys from Valerius and with five hundred soldiers started back for Pharmacusa where, as he expected, he found the pirates celebrating their good luck. He captured 350 of them and managed to get back his fifty talents. He sank all their ships and took them to Pergamum where he executed them, reserving for their thirty officers the fate he had promised. Then he calmly resumed his voyage to Rhodes.

The climax of Mediterranean piracy was reached in the Sixteenth Century. In 1492 Spain, under Ferdinand and Isabella, had driven the Moors from their land across the Straits of Gibraltar into North Africa. They settled along the Barbary coast, which extended from the borders of Egypt, past the Pillars of Hercules down the west coast of Morocco. The name Barbary was derived from the Berber tribes who inhabited the interior.

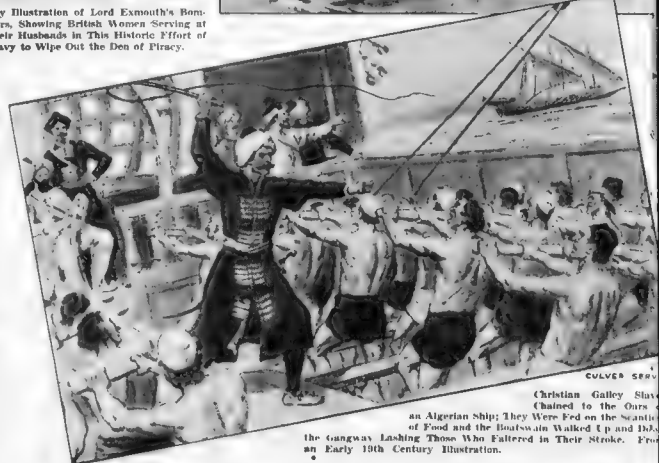
The Moors built galleys, trimenies and feluccas with sails like bat wings, which became the fastest things afloat, and began what became a holy war between Islam and Christendom. To insure safe harbors and protection from the inland tribes, and an outlet for their plunder they paid tribute to the coast rulers.

The greatest of all Barbary pirates was Kher-ed-din, known as Barbarossa from his flaming beard. The ancient chronicles state that: "His stature was advantageous, his mien portly and majestic; well proportioned and robust; very hairy with a beard extremely bushy; his brows and lashes remarkably long and thick; before his hair turned gray and hoary it was a bright Auburn."

One of his first steps after gaining power was to send an emissary to offer the Grand Sultan of



Nineteenth Century Illustration of Lord Exmouth's Bombardment of Algiers, Showing British Women Serving at the Guns With Their Husbands in This Historic Effort of the English Navy to Wipe Out the Den of Piracy.



Christian Galley Slave Chained to the Oars of Food and the Boatswain Walked Up and Down the Gangway Laughing Though He Flattered in Their Struggle. From an Early 19th Century Illustration.

Constantinople, head of the Moslem faith, the province of Algiers, and to offer himself as servant of the Ottoman Empire. Thus he secured the help of one of the most powerful rulers in the world, and was immediately appointed Bashah of Algiers.

He quickly gathered to his crimson standard the most bloodthirsty collection of master pirates then known; Dragut, a Mahomedan from Rhodes; Sinan, who was thought to be a devil because he could take a crossbow reading to determine his position at sea; and Aydin, renegade Christian, known as Cachadiablo, or Drub-devil.

At this time the only part of the African coast under Spanish rule was the tiny island of Penon outside the harbor of Algiers. Powerfully fortified, it prevented any ship from entering or leaving Algiers without Spanish consent. The corsairs

therefore had to beach outside, a process fraught with some danger. Time and again they had attacked the fortress without success. Kher-ed-din decided to take that castle once and for all. He bombarded it for sixteen days and nights without ceasing. Then, with a storming party of twelve hundred, attacked and overwhelmed the remnant of the garrison. Don Martin de Varg, governor of the fortress, was captured and brought before the angry Bashah.

"Infidel dog!" spat the pirate. "Thou shalt have no chance for thy worthless life. Thy forswear thy Religion and embrace the Faith!"

"That I will not!" retorted the courageous Spaniard. "Moslem cutthroat! Retire thy jackal's lairs, the galleys of his most blessed Majesty, to blast thee smaller than the pestilential!"

On the Treasure Trail of the Wicked Old Pirates

Heave Ho! and Off for the Seven Seas With Explorer Wilkins to Join the Search for Pieces-of-Eight, Bars of Gold, Sparkling Jewels and All the Long-Buried Booty of the Jolly Roger's Black Brotherhood—Tales of the World's Most Famous Buccaneers Never Told Before

A Typical Barbary Pirate of the 18th and Early 19th Centuries. With His Voluminous Cloak Stuffed Full of Pistols and Daggers and the Wicked, Heavy Scimitar Which Was Part of His Equipment, in His Hand



The Capture of an Algerian Corsair by a United States Man-of-War—an Old Print From the T. F. Healy Collection.



"Women For Sale"—Christian Captives Were Often Bought First at the General Slave Market and Then Displayed Like Cattle at Smaller Shops for the Inspection of Possible Other Customers.

of thy barren desert home."

Barbarossa motioned to half a dozen brawny Nubians who watched. Yelling, they rushed on the governor, ripped off his clothes and threw him on the ground. Five of them seized his arms and legs, stretching him between them. The sixth took up a pliable cudgel and looked to Kher-ed-din for orders. The pirate nodded and with a whistling thud the bastinado thrashed across the taut body of the Spaniard.

"Will you swear?"

The governor managed to shake his head. Again the bastinado thudded into his ribs. He crowded for air but the merciless club smashed his loins and stomach until it was a bloated bloody welter. Twice they threw vinegar into his face to revive him, and twice they demanded that he join the followers of Allah. But the dying man, speechless, shook his rolling head.

"Kill him!" grated Kher-ed-din.

"Din! Din!" yelled the stamping mob of pirates. The five stretched the broken body and the club thrashed into it. Blood poured from the governor's mouth and nose. Blood spurted over the sweating, black muscles of his torturers and the club streamed with crimson, showering drops as it swung over the executioner's head. Time and again it crashed down until ribs splintered white through the broken flesh and entrails dripped onto the sand where lean dogs sniffed. At last the body, broken almost in two, was thrown on the ground and the sweating Nubians leered towards their master, licking their chops.

Fire blazed from the ruined fortress and in a few days little remained of the proud Spanish castle but blackened ruins.

Kher-ed-din immediately commenced construction of a great mole, which still shelters the harbor of Algiers, a tremendous undertaking which involved the tortured labor of thousands of Christian slaves for over two years.

In 1534 Kher-ed-din took a fleet of sixty-one galleys to attack the very center of Christianity. Negotiating the Straits of Messina he anchored off Reggio, capturing every ship in the harbor

and hundreds of Christian slaves. He continued up the Italian coast, pillaging, murdering and looting. He was working on a definite plan. He had heard of the lady Julia Gonzaga, Duchess of Trajetto and Countess of Fondi. That young widow was the most beautiful woman in Italy. Barbarossa intended to make her a present to his Turkish Grand Seigneur, Suleyman the Magnificent, leader of the Moslem Faith, Grand Ottoman Emperor.

He learned that she was at Fondi, and made his swift, secret way towards her castle

THE Lady Julia sat in her balcony looking away over the slopes of the Umbrian hills to where the sea was a purple shadow in the west. Brilliant stars glittered from a sky that was the blackest blue. At the lady's feet a youth, languid and beautiful, plucked softly at a lute while he recited the latest stanza he had composed to her raven tresses. Lady Julia removed her great eyes from the sea and smiled down at her poet.

"Pietro mio," her voice was low and modulated with amusement, "it seems that thy heart is not in thy verses this night."

The youth dropped his lute and clutched her hand which she slowly withdrew from his ardent grasp.

"Madonna," he whispered, "if my heart is not in my verse it is because my heart warns of danger to thee from Barbarossa."

She laughed musically.

"Thy heart is too young and tender to be troubled with thoughts of a stinking, tattered jackal of the desert."

"Yet they say he has heard of thy incomparable loveliness and threatens to take thee for his harem."

"H-m," she mused, yawning. "A harem with a palm-fringed oasis, with sweet pools and slaves, with jewels and hunting dogs. No, I prefer my balcony, and thy pretty verses, Pietro."

"But, Madonna—"

"Peace, my friend. Go to thy bed. Thy diabolical foreboding bores me."

"Good night!" Smiling she went to her sleeping room.

Outside her door he listened to her murmured conversation with her waiting women. Then they came out smiling shyly at him.

The castle grew silent. One by one rushlights in the halls were snuffed out until only the braziers on the battlements reflected bronzed, sleepy faces and the occasional blue gleam of a steel morion on a nodding head.

Restlessly Pietro paced the balcony, stared across the walls into the blackness of the night. He went back to the anteroom gazing wistfully at the door of his mistress, a vague shape in the shadow.

He sat down mulling over in his mind the beginning of a stanza to her beautiful eyes. There was a sound. He looked up.

"Halt! Who goes?"

The challenge from the battlements was interrupted by a fusillade of shots. Screams came from outside the walls and blazing arrows filled the courtyard with ruddy light. The guard captain bellowed orders and sentries ran to man the walls. Guns were run out and braziers glowed as they heated pans of pitch.

"Pietro! Oh, Pietro, what is it?"

In web-thin night shift the lady Julia stood by her bed. Pietro caught his breath at the sight of her. Her great eyes shone, her lips were parted with excitement.

"Nothing, Madonna," he stammered. "Someone attacking. Some marauding banditti, no doubt."

"Perchance thy Moorish Red-beard," she laughed. "Let us to the tower to watch."

She thrust her feet into narrow slippers and hurried out. There was a mighty crash.

"The gate!"

Hordes of cloaked and turbaned savages poured through the breach and loosed arrow after arrow into the ranks of the garrison. A great wide-shouldered man in flashing green turban led them.

"Barbarossa!" gasped Julia.

"Follow me," whispered Pietro.

Swiftly he led her through curtained doors and

down a long and winding stairway. They could hear the shouts of terrified servants and the blood-curdling roar of "Din! Din!" from the invaders.

They reached the courtyard and darted through the flickering light across a dark orangery to the stables. A terrified groom ran from them. Pietro dragged a black mare from her stall and threw a saddle across her withers.

"Come, Madonna."

She snatched a sword from a rack and jumped, careless of her undress, into the saddle. Pietro mounted a gray roan and whipped out of the stable.

"Follow me, Madonna. We'll make for the gate."

With a yell he kicked his mount and it bounded across the garden to the courtyard. Before them a mob of pirates stabbed and hacked at wounded defenders. Pietro glanced behind him at the lovely, half-clad lady who rode, eyes blazing, teeth flashing, holding her sword at point like a charging trooper.

"The woman," roared the pirates suddenly.

"Allah! Out of my way. Take her!" shouted Barbarossa, hacking his way through friend and enemy to cut them off. But Pietro smashed his sword on a turbaned head and cleared a path.

Close behind him Julia swung her blade like a veteran, jumping her mare over prostrate bodies and fighting towards the blazing gateway.

Guns banged and arrows clouded the air behind them, but the youth and his mistress bounded through to safety. Barbarossa raced after them. His men mounted and scoured the countryside. But he never found the lovely Lady Gonzaga. History does not record where the poet took her. It states baldly that she later committed him to death for "undue familiarity."

In 1537, Barbarossa, then Holy Admiral of the Ottoman fleets, learned that Venice had joined the Holy War against Islam. He attacked Corfu and forayed up and down the Adriatic and captured thousands of slaves, some of whom were of the noblest families in Italy.

An old inventory of his loot includes 400,000 pieces of gold; 1,000 girls and 1,500 boys. As a present to the Imperial Sultan he sent 200 boys dressed in scarlet, each bearing a gold and silver bowl; 200 more with rolls of fine cloth and thirty with thirty well-stuffed purses.

The frightful slave barracks of Algiers were so overstocked with slaves that "a Christian woman was scarce fair exchange for an onion," so a writer of the time comments. Women were dragged behind camels across the sandy wastes to Meknes, Fez and Tunis. The fairest were taken to Marrakesh the Red, where, in the Place of Miracles, that wide market outside the walls, they would be sold. Girls were separated by race; desert Taureg women, brown and brazen, ogled

(Continued on Page 15)

IF SCIENCE COULD

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The pictures on this page are taken from "Dr. Cyclops," a motion picture soon to be shown in theatres all over the country. Its heroes and heroines are victims of a villainous scientist who has the power to make "super men" of his fellow men. Fantastic scenes and trick photography make the picture almost as thrilling as one of those dramas that the psychologists attempt to analyze.

HISTORY OF the people of the world has always had a peculiar interest in dwarfs. In the story of being a miniature person, the dwarf is a place in the history of the world, and the dwarf is a place in the world.

Among the outstanding attractions of every circus are some of the so-called "little people" dwarfs who, for one reason or another, never grow up physically. There's a strange fascination about their pip-squeak voices and their smallness contrasted

with their adult, sophisticated faces and manners that always "gets" the spectators.

Everyone who ever read a fairy tale knows and gets a kick out of the story of Tom Thumb, the legendary dwarf who hob-nobbed with King Arthur and his gallant

Little Tom was the diminutive son of a poor ploughman and his wife. He played around with butterflies and bees and field mice and finally was swallowed and un-swallowed by a cow. Eventually he became a favorite at King Arthur's court, and was

made a knight, in spite of the fact that he couldn't swing a sword much heavier than a knitting needle. He did all right by his folks, too, and made them more proud and prosperous than would have been the case if they had had a full-sized son. *

Only a skilled psychiatrist could guess what such bedtime illusions mean, if anything, but thousands of people have dreamed that they suddenly lost stature and became so small that they could crawl through the key-holes of locked cupboards, or hide behind the ear of some normal-

theatres all over the country. Its heroes and heroines are victims of a villainous scientist who has the power to make super pigmen of his fellow men. Lustrous sets and trick photography make the picture almost as thrilling as one of those dreams that the psychologists attempt to analyze.

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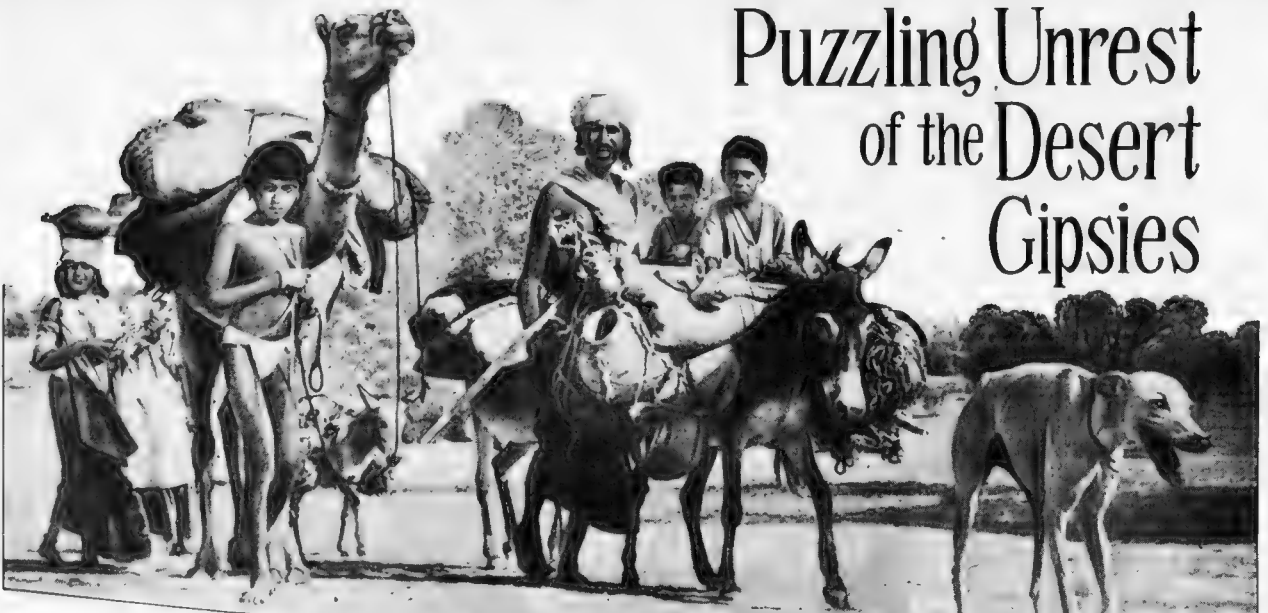
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Puzzling Unrest of the Desert Gipsies



This Photograph, Recently Taken in India, Shows a Gipsy Family on the Move to Some Place Known Only to the Swarthy Travelers. The Comparatively Prosperous Menage Carries Its Worldly Goods on a Camel and Three Donkeys. The Father and Mother Usually Walk So That the Youngsters Can Ride. The Dog Leading the Procession Discourages Small-Town Policemen.



An Old Trick Provides This Interesting Record of a Gipsy Family Moving From Asia Into Central Europe During the Middle Ages. The Artist Had a Sense of Humor and Put a Rooster on the Back of the Head Man.

Follow the Romany patterner
East where the silence broods
By a purple wave on an opal beach
In the hush of the Mahom woods.
Follow the Romany patterner
West to the sunlong sun,
Till the junk-sails lift through the house-
less drift,
And the east and the west are one.
—From "The Gipsy Trail," by
RUDYARD KIPLING.

DELHI, India.—An extraordinary unrest is reported to be sweeping over the Gipsy population of this vast empire. This unrest is observable in India, Asia and Eastern Europe, where the principal centers of the Gipsy community are situated. It is a significant fact that such unrest among the Gipsies has always been noted from the earliest times when a great world war was in progress. When the Gipsy Empire was about to be broken up by the Greek and Roman empires, the Gipsies were driven out of their homes and wandered to the westward.

and Vandals was about to fall. Later their movements heralded the advance of the Moslem hordes of Genghis Khan, Tamerlane and Hulagu towards the centers of civilization. In the last World War the unrest of the Gipsies was again manifested. They showed a tendency to move away from Central Asia to Persia, India and Africa. It is now possible that the Gipsies of India are of this origin. It is true that the name Gipsy, by which they are known in English speaking countries, means Egyptian. But in Eastern European countries, like Rumania, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary, they are known by the name of Gypsies. The best evidence that they first came from India is that most of their words are of Hindi origin. Of course they also had a good deal to do with Egypt for they had wandered through every country. They have a tradition

Time Out for Lunch. A Gipsy Family of Three Halts in the Desert Country of India While Their Young Camel Takes in Some Nourishment. The Modest Mother of the Wandering Trio Covered Her Face With Her Shawl When the Cameraman Snapped This Proof That the Gipsies Are on the Move.



Only the Head Men of the Wandering Romany Tribes Know Why Thousands of Their Swarthy Subjects Are on the Move, or Where They Are Heading—But the Mysterious Migration Probably Has Something to Do With the Nazis, the Bolsheviks and the European War.

that they were first condemned to wander because they failed to give hospitality to the Holy Family on their flight from Palestine to Egypt. They used to give this as a reason why governments should not interfere with their habit of wandering and make them settle down. Their first European appearance in large numbers was reported from Rumania in the early Middle Ages. In the innumerable centers of Gipsy life caravans are now on the move towards some center which is kept secret. Perhaps they are going to assemble in India, Syria and Egypt, in all of which countries they are assured of toleration. Most of them are still moving by camel caravan.

The existence and happiness of the Gipsies are threatened by the Nazis and Bolsheviks. Both of these powers are opposed to free living and tend to inflict forced labor on the people in their clutches. The Nazi Government of Czechoslovakia has just issued a decree ordering the Gipsies to settle down and

"practice a reputable profession." Such a life would spell death to the free Gipsy. He may no longer "follow the Romany patterner" or camp in "the Mahom woods." He must no longer trade horses in the wooded dells. The Gipsy woman may no longer tell fortunes over palms crossed with silver. Therefore the Gipsies are moving away from Czechoslovakia or Bohemia, which has for centuries been one of their favorite hunting grounds. Gipsy hospitality to anyone who comes as a friend, especially as a fugitive from the authorities, is unlimited. Having once admitted the guest to his family circle, the Romany will never ask him to go. There are only about 5,000,000 true Gipsies, yet they have exercised more influence in the course of the last 1,000 years than some larger nations. It is considered likely that the present unrest among them means that they are going to exert their influence still more strongly in world affairs. Some of their leaders say they have given top much attention to horoscopes and should make more use of their skill in handling metals. According to some authorities, they are direct descendants of the prehistoric race that ushered in the bronze and iron ages. For centuries they kept the working of the metals a race secret. Generally they are illiterate, but they can read a human face as other men might read a book. They have the most brilliant and observant eyes known to the human race. The Nazis and Bolsheviks are apparently incensed against the Gipsies because they lead a free and easy life and enjoy it.

Ran Nine LITTLE Mice Into a BIG Fortune

(Continued From Page 5)

can take a look at it every few minutes, just to see if it's just a mouse passing near any service.

It was for his achievement in breeding this rare Astrex strain that Mr. Tuck was made a member of the Genealogical Society, which isn't what it sounds like—just an association for tracing human family trees so folks who want to brag about their ancestors can sport pretty coats-of-arms. But is devoted to a serious study of the laws governing hereditary tendencies in all animals. In addition to this honor, Mr. Tuck has been made a fellow of the Zoological Society.

Naturally enough, his chief interest at present is the curly Astrex strain. He has plenty of curly ones available and breeding true in half a dozen colors. Some are ticked, as they can be blown to another color, but until a true breed of "rainbow" curly Astrex has been produced, Mr. Tuck will not be entirely satisfied with that line. This means an

and that is considerable, the outside of a mouse about the size of a rat and still a third when the fur is ruffled from one side. At the moment there is only one such specimen. The one kept in all its solitary glory in Mr. Tuck's desk drawer. And what this excited King Astrex needs most of all is a royal consort who can give it children worthy of their sire.

Asked how he sold his pedigree mice Mr. Tuck explained: "Sometimes by weight, but usually so much a trio, which means two females and one male or buck. The price runs from the equivalent of \$3 to \$5 in American money, the latter price being for lemons." Throughout Great Britain there is at present keen rivalry among the breeders of "show" mice, and in their efforts to produce new strains and varieties, these breeders have become regular customers of Mr. Tuck, who is recognized as the champion mouse-breeder in England. There are many Mouse Clubs, too, and frequent exhibitions in which it is perhaps needless to mention that feminine participation is negligible.



It Is True That a Camel Can Take in Enough Water to Last a Week. The Picture Shows a "Ship of the Desert" Piling Up for the Next Seven Days.

How Criminals May Help the Blind

THE plight of William A. Lewis blind Denver attorney, whose friends hope to obtain the eye of a condemned criminal for a grafting operation, may start a nationwide sight-restoration society.

Emmett Thurmon, a lawyer friend of Lewis, plans to organize a charitable organization to persuade men condemned to die to donate their eyes for the benefit of the blind. Through such an organization arrangements for the operation would also be made. "I shall contact the associations for the blind in Denver and Colorado first," explains Mr. Thurmon, "and through them prominent, public-spirited citizens. In the way I hope to incorporate a sight-restoring organization that will grow to nationwide proportions."

Wardens in penitentiaries of forty-one States and the District of Columbia, all of which have capital punishment, would be asked to cooperate in persuading condemned men to will their eyes for these come-grafting operations.

It would be the duty of this sight-restoring society to select the cases of blindness

most likely to respond to this operation from among thousands of applicants. The persons to be operated upon would be transported to the penitentiary and the eye-grafting performed in the prison immediately after the execution by a qualified surgeon who would donate his services.

Mr. Thurmon estimated that approximately 130 executions take place annually in the United States. If each condemned man gave away his eyes, the operation could be performed on twice that number of blind patients, each of whom would get one eye. If out of these 260 operations only a third proved successful, Mr. Thurmon pointed out that it would restore a large proportion of those so handicapped to usefulness in society.

Whether the gas used in some executions would render eyes worthless was a question raised by surgeons. Other methods, such as hanging, the electric chair and shooting offer no such difficulty, they say.

Mr. Thurmon pointed out that only seven states offer the choice of shooting or hanging.

(Continued from Page 11)

said with John's voice, "Run along, dear, and play with the youngsters."

Rube Halloran had come back on his feet again, precariously with enough money, anyhow, to reopen his real estate office over Haley's drug store. Why shouldn't she play with him, as she did with a dozen men she borrowed from Nora Drew, when she felt like it? She was only half aware of Rube's edging closer to her; as if last year's kisses still linked her to a half-forgotten episode.

And John Taber, burrowing into his law books, only coming out of them to ask if she was having a good time, urged her to take in all the parties; he didn't go out much, and didn't want to cheat her of her fun. Be the social side of the family. Keep going.

Margot had kept going. Then the thing happened last week. When John was away, arguing cases in Albany or Buffalo, he had often asked her to stay with the Mills, because she was "safe" there. She had loved these visits; it was as if Alma's quietude rested and sheltered her from the noise and flirtations and jealousies that often rattled her nerves.

Charming little interludes, full of the games she and Ronnie could invent on a moonless night, sharing the child with Alma, secretly wishing he were her own. About Ted Mills, who might have been her uncle, she never quite made up her mind. Until last week.

Maybe Rube Halloran was partly to blame for it, for he was always on the telephone, inviting her to parties, or just wanting to talk. When Ted Mills overheard his little left eye would wink with jolly hints about Ronnie, and what would John say? Ted disapproved of Rube; he wasn't respectable.

Monday morning, after breakfast, she was conscious of a bad turning, somehow, coasting downhill and the brakes out of order.

Alma and Ma'amelle were taking Ronnie in to New York, to the dentist, a footman, a butler, a chauffeur helping them into the big car, Ronnie yelling that he wanted Margot to come too, the Commotore roaring "Nonnenen!" and commanding them to keep cool, and not hurry in this weather. Ronnie's plaintive, "I

Mrs. Caesar

Except for Those Two Wonderful Weeks in the North Woods, Margot Felt She Had Never Seen the Real John

want Margot!" Ted's pleasantly ferocious, "Oh, gwan with you. You can't have the neck of the gals all the time. Margot and I are going for a swim."

She and Ted went for their swim. The day was clear and hot. Ted's private beach smoothly curved like a shaven brow. Ted was beginning to nod her again about Rube Halloran being her father, always on the telephone. Giggling, defensively, she reminded Ted that he might have been something of a Romeo himself when he was young.

They sat under an umbrella, basking their legs. She thought it queer that Ted had brought down her and whiskey so early in the day. Everything about him began to seem unusual. His little eyes began rolling her down their meaning a puzzle, at first. He was rambling on about her beauty, saying things she couldn't answer or must answer too harshly.

HIS questions became full of fun, exploring. She tried to keep back the laughing words, the scorn that shook her. He was more than her best friend. He was John's best friend. Alma's adored husband, Ronnie's beloved father. It was when he put his strong trembling arms around her that she was too weak for a minute to free herself. Shocked, astonished, she heard his mumble a crazy song-song. "We've got to take our fun while we find it. Don't waste your time with Rube Halloran. He's a flop in the game. John's too old for you. I understand. In John's case, but I ain't it." Then his morning Caliban. "You'd be good to the top, you'd be good. I'll see that you won't regret it. And I can do lots to help John. You wouldn't have to share me the way you have to share Rube with me."

She struggled, tried to rise. He caught her wrist. "Why, if you were my girl."

"See here." Sharp as a knife. He said, "I guess you've made me forget everything."

"I must have." Roughly she sprang out from under his arm and ran toward the house.



A pleasant man with a pleasant voice was following her. "What made me do that?" the voice was pleading. "I must be getting senile." Up by the big house she stopped and said quietly, because it seemed the just thing to say, "I'll forget it if you will." She was gentled by his grateful, shamed look. "I'm sorry it was you, that's all. My husband would spoil the freshness of sail as the wind was so clear, so clean that it might cleanse her. John managed the wheel softly with fine hands, and his voice was smooth as his hands. 'Sorry I dragged you away. You seemed to be enjoying yourself.' With that young Haloran. "Rube's fun," she laughed. Yes, John was being jealous. "Let me tell you something." He was less like a lawyer, warmer. "I'll go to have fun. You stay. That's father to child." She said, "The woods are full of men—why pick on Rube? Why don't you ask me to stay home once in a while—and be with you?" Raw nerves made her harsh. She heard his tenderness, saying, "You'd get tired of that. It would have been sensible to

drop the subject, but she couldn't. What's so awfully wrong about Rube?" Evaluating the answer, he said, "It's good for you, getting around learning how to take care of yourself." "Thanks a lot," she jeered. "The credit's all yours." His sharp laugh was not unpleasant. "Rube's fun," she laughed. Yes, John was being jealous. "Let me tell you something." He was less like a lawyer, warmer. "I'll go to have fun. You stay. That's father to child." She said, "The woods are full of men—why pick on Rube? Why don't you ask me to stay home once in a while—and be with you?" Raw nerves made her harsh. She heard his tenderness, saying, "You'd get tired of that. It would have been sensible to

"He's not respectable," she said, "but he's decent." "Is he? Do you know he got drunk the other day and threatened to assault Ted Mills?" Oh, saucer! "He told me." Her voice was small and shaken. "John, can't you let me alone? Can't anybody?" Sorry, I won't say anything about it again."

Suddenly out of the night an eerie dream came. "John, do you remember how we went up to Canada, after we were married?" How lovely it was to be together just us two? That was beautiful. We both seemed to be

The same age. He brooded over the wheel. "Can't we go again, John, just the way we did?" She closed her eyes, thinking of a lost love. "You need a vacation."

"He was silent a moment. 'Margot, it's funny but I've been thinking the same thing. Every day's a pretty night. We could go next week. Maybe for a month.'"

"On John, that's beautiful!" Beautiful to be lost among wild trees in an enchantment where you seemed to have run away from everything, even your own shadow. A brief release, gone too soon.

WHAT John said next jerked her back to attention. "You heard Ted say, 'I'll go to Ray shore in the morning.' 'Oh,' Nervousness gave it a sinister sound. 'Why are you going?'"

"The Bush crowd have sent their representative there. I'll have to stay overnight, and leave here fairly early. Ted's got a fast motorboat, at Meg's last night. That's the coolest way of getting down."

Something urged her to say, "But you know how the sun affected you last week. The doctor told you to take it easy."

"Nonsense." That for the doctor.

"Then take me with you, John. I won't be in the way."

"These Luxvans would bore you to death. Ted's got a better idea than that. He and Alma want you to come over there."

She grew hot, then cold. "That's lovely of Alma. But I've got a lot of things to do. Men in the room, and the new rugs are coming. I'll be up to my ears all day."

"On Thursday?" Was there suspicion in his question? "All the servants will be out, except Alfredo. I don't like to think of you in the house with nobody but Alfredo. Better go over to the

Mills. They always love having you. Ted says Ronnie talks about you all the time. And you seem to enjoy being with them."

Then into the strained silence he asked, "Any objection to the Mills? Anything happened?" "Oh, they're lovely, all of them. But Alma has a house full of people, and I can get along with Alfredo. I do have all sorts of things to do."

"Oh." That dull syllable said you've made a date with Rube Halloran. That's what the matter was.

They were silent again. Crustiv John turned in to the drive that led to their suite, singled house. Already he had won her over. He usually did. She was deceiving. It would be more sensible to go to the Mills. I can't tell him the real reason why I don't want to. Ted will be away most of the time, and when he's home he won't dare start that again. . . . He's had his lesson.

John let her into the pillared hall and carefully laid his Panama on a Queen Anne chest. He had put his hat on the same place so often that it might have left a ring. He took her a rap and hung it up. Taking care of her, because she was young and foolish. He came into her room just as she was reaching for her nightgown. The beach-lan on her legs was like a pair of peach-colored stockings, almost reaching to her white thighs. Seeing him, she hurried the gown over her, and was ashamed of being ashamed. Memory of last week had made her body-conscious.

In his saffron bathrobe John looked more than ever Roman. If he brings up the Mills again, she thought, I'll yell. But he just leaned over her, saying good-night.

Suddenly fervently she said, "John, I think I'll go to the Mills after all."

"Good girl!" John said. "I know you'd be sensible." Before he went back to his room he kissed her, very tenderly, for John.

THURSDAY morning, after breakfast, and Margot putting the last stocking in the week-end trunk, she knew that her quick choice of mind last night hadn't been entirely unreasonable. John usually won his arguments with her, patiently, without losing his temper, the way he must have won his lawsuits. He had brought in Rube Halloran; he didn't look well to have Rube around so

(Continued on Page 19)

AN OLD-TIMER EXPLAINS HOW MUCH GREAT ENGINEERING COUNTS IN A MOTOR CAR!



MRS. DEAN: "You're an experienced engineer, Mr. Horton. Isn't it true that all cars are pretty much alike today?"
MR. HORTON: "I'm sorry I can't agree with you, Mrs. Dean. Take Dodge—it has something to offer other car gives you."

BETTY: "I'll bet you mean that beautiful Dodge front end, Mr. Horton. I'm simply in love with it!"
MR. HORTON: "I mean Dodge Engineering. It means longer car life, fewer repairs, and will save your dead penny on gas and oil."



MR. HORTON: "You know, Dodge Engineering has always led the way in economy, as well as in new ideas. Even Dodge beauty comes from great engineering. My Luxury Line is as smart-looking as cars costing hundreds of dollars more!"

BETTY: "Gosh, I can hardly wait till I get my hands on the wheel of that big Dodge. I saw in the showroom yesterday!"
MR. HORTON: "Remember, this, with all its luxury and great engineering, Dodge costs only a few dollars more than small cars!"



4,061 Engineers Bought Dodge in the last 12 Months!



NEW FULL-FLOATING RIDE! Wheelbase is longer, wheels moved backward, seats forward. All passengers ride in the "Comfort Zone."

JUST A FEW DOLLARS MORE THAN SMALL CARS!
COUPE \$755⁰⁰
6-PASS. SEDAN \$815⁰⁰
*These are Detroit delivered prices and include all Federal taxes and all standard equipment. Delivery, license, and optional equipment extra. See your Dodge dealer for exact Dodge terms.

THAT'S the wonderful thing about buying Dodge. Not only can you see its beauty, its luxury, its new ideas, but you have the word of engineers—of men who know car value—that Dodge gives you most for your money!

Just think! 4,061 engineers bought Dodge cars in the last 12 months! Mechanical engineers, electrical engineers, structural engineers—engineers of all types—not only praise Dodge engineering and economy, but buy Dodge in preference to other cars!

New Beauty... New Luxury, too! Have you inspected this magnificent new Luxury Line? By all means have your Dodge dealer give you a demonstration real soon. Notice the wider, more luxurious seats, the gorgeous interiors, the magnificent appointments and refinements. You'll wonder how Dodge can sell such a big, luxurious car for just a few dollars more than small cars!



DODGE ENGINEERING COSTS YOU NOTHING EXTRA

GOOD NEWS FOR USED-CAR BUYERS! Tremendous demand for the 1936 Dodge has brought many magnificent cars into the used-car market. These cars are in excellent condition and are priced at a fraction of the new car price. A wonderful opportunity to get a car with safety. All other popular makes and models, too, at very low prices.

"I'd love to come but I'm in an awful jam here. The man's coming to fix the range."

10. And John would be furious when he found that she hadn't gone after all. If Ted hadn't said "beach party"

got wondered what those muscles would do if they chose to punch Ted Mella. She saw his white

He never told her what Shog's

TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH

19



This Ear-English Racing Driver's Complicated Goggles, with Their Automatic Windshield Wipers, Are a Far Cry from the Earliest Type of Primitive Goggles, First Worn by Eskimos and Made of Caribou Horn, Stilted So as to Keep Out Most of the Blinding Snow Glare and Held in Place by Raschide Thongs—but in Each Case the Essential Idea Was to Protect the Eyes, Which Are Man's Most Precious Possession.

(Continued from Page 1)

and hid them with spear and bow. It is a story from the earliest times, told by the founder of the Italian race, who was the first to use the spear and bow.

have devoted their lives to the study of the eye and its defects. Millions of experiments have been made and recorded, each adding a note of information to the vast store that now enables us to deal with defective vision as well as those with perfect eyes.

WANTED: A LAW TO PROTECT YOUR EYES

For the one sure and sane protection for the 70 per cent of the people of the United States who need glasses, is to place the care of their eyes in the hands of reputable eye-sight examiners and doctors of glasses.

The most pathetic force against "eye-sight" correction is the vain fear that "expensive" might be paid. But with the use of contact lenses or properly ground and shaped glasses, even appearance far from being important is enhanced.

By an extraordinary device, variations of the perfect oval. Hair-dressers have invented styles to modify facial abnormalities, comers suggest flattering patterns of make-up, milliners and hatters too, suggest shapes that conceal unusual lines. Now lenses are designed to suit every type of face. A long, angular face with square chin, for example, should wear a lens curved and wide at the top with a flattened bottom line.

A glance at the diagrams on Page 4, will show how properly designed glasses can enhance the beauty of the wearer and detract from any fault. Spectacles designed to modify a long nose or conceal the chubbiness of the opposite forehead placed side pieces will modify unsightly brows or emphasize the lines of beautiful ones.

Contact lenses, the kind that fit directly over the eyeball and are held in place by the eyelids, although still rather expensive, are now so constructed that they are available at a distance of two feet. Contact lenses are as safe as

other glasses. They are tough and their contact with the cornea of the eye is so slight that they have no chance to shatter. In addition the eyelid protects them as much as it does the eye itself.

Some time ago a contact-lens wearer received a cut across the eye. A naked eye might have been destroyed. The contact lens took the cut was unharmed and saved the eye.

Within the last two weeks an actor cast for an important part in an Italian chief in a technical action picture was noticed to have pale gray eyes.

"Sorry," said the director. "No Indian ever had gray eyes. We'll have to get someone else."

"Now the actor needs that part and begged for time."

"What on earth can you do to change the color of your eyes?" demanded the director.

"Wait."

The actor and make-up man came into my office and explained his dilemma. He wore

contact lenses, but it was impossible to tint the glass of which they were made. For ten days my staff experimented.

Last Tuesday the actor walked down Fifth Avenue with the bluest pair of eyes I ever saw. It was due by fitting the glass cup of the contact lens with a harmless solution of carmalum. He is now in Hollywood a perfect Indian.

Contact lenses are by no means a new idea. They were first suggested by Herschel the English physicist in 1827 as a protection against ulcerated eyelids and first were made in 1860. American firms now are making them of special plastic with a small optical glass window ground to the proper prescription. One advantage of these lenses is that they are not impaired by sweat, rain, snow or steam as is a face of great protection against harmful cases.

Eyespokes that are virtually unbreakable can now be made

from a glass produced by a new annealing process. These "break-proof" lenses are particularly useful for people engaged in hazardous occupations such as mining and some may come into general use.

Another great contribution to comfortable seeing is made by the present-day scientific light-absorptive lenses which either tone down light intensity or screen out harmful ultra-violet and infra-red light rays, according to the needs of individual eyes. For practically all outdoor uses, as well as for special indoor industrial occupations such as welding, the scientifically tinted lens of fine ophthalmic glass is a great protection and a great boon to comfort.

With all the aids to vision that are offered by well-established organizations and by competent oculists, optometrists and opticians, it seems ridiculous that charlatans still are蒙蔽ing the eyes of American people.

Mrs. Caesar

Rube Makes His Missing Blackhorn Stick an Excuse for Calling on Margot.

(Continued from Page 15)

night I didn't want to see anybody I meant it."

"That's no reason." He stopped a moment. "I've got a good excuse for coming." A small bow, begging.

"What excuse?" "Well, maybe I left my walking stick in your car last week. I've left it somewhere. Or some-

body swapped it. It's a big Irish blackhorn with spikes all over it. Seen it?"

"If I find it I'll bring it to the club tomorrow. Go to bed, for a change."

All right, Caesar, then that's where I'm going. A spot of milk toast at the Marlboro, then home at the hay. It's time changed. Margot. Coming up, so that he could speak softly. "I know it's

all off, far as I'm concerned. I can't blame you. I'm fed up with myself. But I'm so sore I could kill a certain party. He's worse than I am."

"You mean—Ted Mails?"

"Yeah. The welcher." "Sleep that one off, Rube. I do, when I'm sore about anything."

Well, I've gone around shooting off my face, and I'll have to do something else. If the command doesn't back down, Margot, there's something else. Last night you were worried. I saw that."

"And I told you to stop being silly, didn't I? I'm perfectly all right, not a thing on earth to worry about."

"But listen. You going to the Howells' dance tonight?" She shook her head. "I'll sleep this headache off by ten or eleven. Suppose I drop in on you and we'll crash the gate at the Howells."

No. Bed's where I'll be. Run along, little boy."

She watched him go, little dreaming of the shadow the blackhorn stick was to cast over her life.

To Be Continued Next Sunday

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I'VE LEARNED HOW TO MAKE BAKING FUN!



She saves time and effort with CUT-RITE WAXED PAPER. It's EXTRA-STRONG!

Line bake has with Cut-Rite—save greasing. Roll it dough on Cut-Rite—save mess. Clean up with Cut-Rite—AT YOUR CONVENIENCE.



Ask for CUT-RITE by Name.

CUTICURA SOAP & OILMENT

Are Your Cakes Fluffier?

Do you have some special way of baking a particularly kind of cake that makes it fluffier and sweeter? The AMERICAN WEEKLY will pay \$5 for each recipe, sent in by readers and used in the "Housewife's Friend" column, every annual feature on the second from the last page of this and every issue thereafter. It may lead to the reward of \$5000 per year.

Did winter take your PEP away?

FRESH YEAST to help digestion VITAMINS for vitality TOGETHER they can help give you a big boost

Are you like lots of people who feel "used up" at this time of year? Are you pulled down by little digestive upsets, food? Then—try eating Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Yeast. Scientists say it is the vitamins and the action of fresh yeast together that make it so helpful.

The fresh yeast stimulates slow digestion and speeds up the assimilation of food. Laboratory tests have shown this is an action of the yeast itself—entirely distinct from known vitamin action.

The vitamins are needed to maintain steady nerves and keep up vitality. Only in Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Yeast can you get such an abundant supply of the important vitamins, A, B, D and C, and all the vitamins of the amazing Vitamin B Complex.

Take 2 cakes every day. See if you don't start to climb right out of that winter slump!



Let this Fresh Yeast give you double help

Fleischmann's HIGH-VITAMIN YEAST

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NEVER SAW ANYTHING SO FAST!

AND A LITTLE GOES SO FAR, IT'S THRIFTY!

WONDERFULLY GENTLE—SO MILD, SO SAFE!

Seems like magic—

NEW QUICK LUX

"We didn't think Lux could be improved," women say—"but they've done it!"

FASTER! In water as cool as your hand, new, quick Lux dissolves for miles and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 34, yards 35-inch fabric.

GOES FURTHER! Ounce for ounce, it gives more suds, even in hard water, than these soaps.

SO GENTLE! New, quick Lux has the same wonderful mildness Lux has always had—it's safe for everything safe in water.

Cut down stocking RUNS—avoid UNDE ODO. Get a BIG box of new, quick Lux today!

IT'S EASY TO KEEP UNDIES DAINTY WITH NEW QUICK LUX. IT SUDS SO FAST!

BETTY'S SO FOOLISH TO RUB STOCKINGS WITH CAKE SOAP! THRIFTY NEW QUICK LUX WOULD CUT DOWN ON RUNS

PLAY SAFELY! And make sure you're safe every day.

New Quick LUX

No harmful alkali in gentle, new, quick Lux!

SUDS IN A SEC

In the same familiar box—your dealer has it now... at no extra cost to you!

The American Weekly Patterns



Pattern 3145—POPULAR ALL-PURPOSE ROASTS FRONT-BUTTON DETAIL. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 34, yards 35-inch fabric.

Pattern 303—SHORT FLATTERY FOR AFTERNOON INTERPRETED IN A FLOWER PRINT. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 4 1/2 yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3144—FOR JUNIORS—A FROCK THAT'S PERFECT FOR PARTIES AND GRADUATION. SIMPLE TO MAKE, TOO! Designed for girls' sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14. Size 8 requires 2 1/2 yards 35 or 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3146—EASY-TO-CROCHET SQUARE THAT FORMS LOVELY SPREADS, CLOTHES AND SCARFS. MAKES FASCINATING PICK-UP WORK FOR SPRING DAYS. Pattern 3146 contains directions for making squares; illustrations of them and stitches; materials required; photograph of square.

Pattern 3973—NOVEL HEART-SHAPED BIR MAKES UP A PRETTY APRON FOR YOUR AT-HOME HOURS. Designed for sizes small, medium and large. Small size requires 1 1/2 yards 35-inch fabric.

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Catering to the Convalescent

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

CATERING to a convalescent is a task escaped by few mothers and home-makers on whose shoulders fall the double burden of regular housekeeping and pampering a patient, particularly a small child patient whose whims may be as fluctuating as his temperature. However, once the illness has been diagnosed by a good physician, the matter becomes one of management, and taking the situation with intelligent efficiency.

If possible, the room itself should be stripped (and in many instances must be so stripped) of furnishing in order to permit easy and sanitary care or possible fumigation.

Carpets and rugs have no place in the sick-room, where bare floors are more easily wiped either with an impregnated mop of special parchment paper, or using a cleansing home disinfectant on the usual spring mop. This same disinfectant should be liberally used on all vessels connected with sick-room use, while waste must be placed in a small stop-on sanitary receiver or can.

Paper products of all kinds are invaluable in any sick-room. There is, for example, the pillowcase made of paper, so pleasantly scented with fresh balsam or pine. Such a pillowcase will last a week, or even if discarded more frequently, is a good insurance against carrying of germs. A small stout paper bag fastened near the head of the bed, following hospital practice, makes an easily-reached disposal, which can be burned later. Soft paper nose-tissues, and other paper napkins, are equally serviceable in such illness.

In serving invalid meals, too, paper comes to the fore. There is the paper or fibre tray, sufficiently sturdy to hold a meal,

glass of beverage or cup of broth; in case the patient is unable to eat normally, no matter, the tray is easily thrown away. Just so with paper plates, paper cups or taller paper tumblers, which do wonders to reduce dish-washing under conditions of home illness. Indeed, to many busy harassed mothers, washing the extra dishes, the many tumblers used with juices and between-meals feeding, is not the least of the convalescent's care.

Choose the tall, stout paper cups intended for hot drinks—they will carry well, and can be thrown away, thus not only lessening work, but also acting against possible germ infection from carelessly-washed dishes. Paper doilies, too, and the large paper place-mats are convenient placed under usual metal trays. In the refrigerator, small portions of specially prepared invalid dishes may be covered with sanitary parchment paper, thus keeping out odors and holding moisture in the foods.

Not so long ago, the presence of a patient in the home meant a perfect orgy of additional cooking for somebody. Let the doctor only command, "Keep the patient on a liquid or soft diet," and at once the kitchen was turned topsy-turvy from the usual meal routine. Chilly, this was because the broths and gruels included in such diets required hours of boiling, straining or other tedious preparation.

The writer recalls, as a child, seeing her mother mince fresh beef with infinite care, place it in a large glass bottle, the again to be placed within another larger glass utensil, and the while kept simmering several hours for a single cup of beef tea!

Today, the manufacturer of high quality canned soups has

come to the aid of the invalid.

Such canned consommé, broth or bouillon presents a satisfactory product for all liquid broths or orders. Or there are special, exclusively manufactured meat extracts in paste, bottled, or powdered form, which can be similarly utilized. Many of these are the never vitamin-containing formulae, having sprouts, carrots, celery or other vegetables in their composition. Some are made from the soy bean, and give a stout "meat" flavor to otherwise bland and tasteless sick-room diets.

But another manufactured aid, even more useful, perhaps, where just one patient requires special diets, is the canned, strained or homogenized baby foods. These feature mashed or pulped meats such as liver, or vegetables with such high vitamin content as carrots, tomatoes, celery, etc., or fruits like apples, prunes and apricots, all reduced to an easily

utilizable form in a small can.

Exactly as the mother opens and heats a can of liver soup, or carrot pulp, or strained apricot puree for the toddler, so she may as quickly and with equal ease open these cans for her patient, or convalescent. Moreover, since the quantity of each can is determined with scientific proportion, the nurse may be sure that she is giving the convalescent a right amount at each feeding or meal.

Pure fruit juices are important items in most cases of illness, particularly those connected with colds or other throat or lung conditions. Here, the convenient can of tomato, orange or grapefruit juice is invaluable. So, too, is the baby-food can of pureed fruits such as prunes and apricots, to name but two varieties.

For these can be whipped up in a fifty into beaten egg white as a delicate dessert, or placed in the refrigerator trays to become

a wholesome frozen fruit to cool the patient's parched lips. Apricot puree, with water, and a little sweetening if permitted, makes a most delectable frozen sherbet with no trouble whatever. Or such pureed fruits (and vegetables) can be combined with gelatin, to become a light jelly, always a permissible and popular ending for the patient's tray.

The appearance of food as presented to a sick and thus, usually, whimsical or capricious person, is all-important. Since the appetite is low or often non-existent, everything possible must be done to aid and increase it. The sight of a big "blob" of food, or any overlarge or unappealing food portion, is sure to be pushed aside.

Cunning is required with the care of every convalescent. Here is where attractive and flowered china is worth using; or odd-shaped pitchers, jugs or bowls; in the case of a child, often a piece of grotesque pottery in the shape of his favorite nursery animal or characters will induce him to eat more heartily. Foods which are shaped, as in a small heart, a tiered jelly, etc., will make a stronger bid for favor.

Glassware of all kinds is ideal for the sick-room, because it looks pretty and is so easily and safely sterilized.

A SIMPLE LESSON IN HYGIENE: A Clorox-Clean Home assures Greater Health Security!



When it's **CLOROX-CLEAN** it's hygienically clean!

HEALTH officials, bacteriologists, domestic science experts... all advocate greater home hygiene to reduce the spread of infection. It's easy to give your home added health protection by using Clorox in the regular laundering process and in routine kitchen and bathroom cleaning. For Clorox deodorizes, disinfects... providing greater health security. Clorox also has many important personal uses. Simply follow directions on label.

AMERICA'S FAVORITE BLEACH AND HOUSEHOLD DISINFECTANT
CLOROX
PURE - SAFE - DEPENDABLE
BLEACHES - DEODORIZES - DISINFECTS
REMOVES NUMEROUS STAINS...
Even Scorch and Mildew

DO YOU KNOW That The American Weekly prints more Scriptural stories in a year than all the other non-sectarian magazines combined?

Almanack Hints

HAVE you a time or money saving hint to pass on to other Almanackers? Such ideas are worth sharing with other readers and The Almanack wants to print them—the more the merrier. For each such hint sent in and used in this department we will pay \$1. You may send in as many as you want. Please keep them short and to the point, and address: **ALMANACK HINTS EDITOR**, 235 East 45th St., New York.

OPENER

These days most bottles have screw caps instead of cork. Sometimes these caps are hard to remove. I find a common nut cracker from the ten cent store makes a good adjustable wrench and will remove even the most obstinate ones.

Mrs. E. N. Weldenier, Houston, Texas.

BOILING

Wipe the inside upper edge of your pot of boiling water with a greased bit of paper to keep your macaroni or rice from boiling over.

Mrs. E. Espinoza, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BURNED

When food is badly burned on a dish, the dish can be cleaned more easily by boiling some water and a tablespoon of baking soda in it for about 10 minutes.

Mrs. Alma O'Neil, Brunswick, Maine.

BEATER

After using an egg beater clean it immediately under the cold water faucet, give it a few quick turns and place on top of the stove to dry. This saves many precious minutes when cooking.

Mrs. Mike Horbuck, Superior, Wyo.

SHADES

Shades for the kitchen and bathroom can be made out of oil cloth to match the color scheme of the room. Tack on old rollers.

NEW CREAM

Deodorant by SPIRO

Now, with this splendid new cream, you can quickly, easily, check excessive perspiration—enhance personal charm—prolong the life of clothes. Spiro safeguards against excessive perspiration soil and wear. Spiro Cream acts directly on underarm odor. Safe for skin, even after shaving. Safe for clothes. Guaranteed by the makers of Spiro, the choice of fastidious women for 10 years. Both, sold everywhere for only 25c and 10c. Try Spiro today.

with the pattern facing the room, hem the bottom and insert flat stick through the hem. If they become soiled they can be easily wiped off with a damp cloth.

Mrs. William Staley, Kenmore, N. Y.

PEEK-A-BOO

Use an inverted glasslike pie plate for a lid on the kettle in which you cook drop dumplings. You may see without lifting the lid.

Mrs. Lee Bishard, Oakwood, Missouri.

FLAVOR

A light dusting of nutmeg also gives each drop of chicken soup a distinctive flavor.

Josephine S. Hoelder, Richmond Hill, N. Y.

QUIET

To close a door silently, tie the corner of a handkerchief around one door knob, and tie the opposite corner to the knob on the other side of the door. This precaution may save many a sick person from annoyance.

Mrs. Clara Hines, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

COVER

When putting a wash cover on an ironing board, adjust cover while it is still wet. It will then dry gradually, be absolutely tight and smooth and all wrinkles will be avoided.

Mrs. Paul T. Walker, Hagaman, Washington.

KNIVES

Get a little "rack" for your kitchen knives, and you'll find that less of your time will be spent sharpening them and fewer pricked fingers or split nails from groping around in the kitchen drawer.

Mrs. Susan Newton, Neopit, Wisconsin.

DANDELIONS

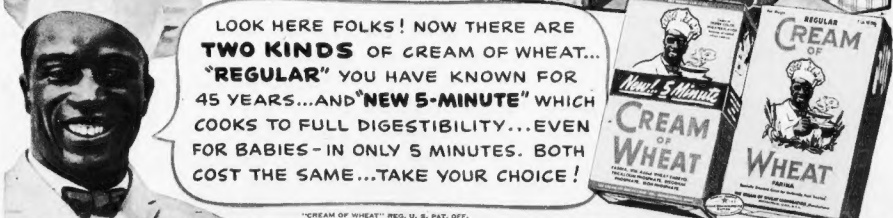
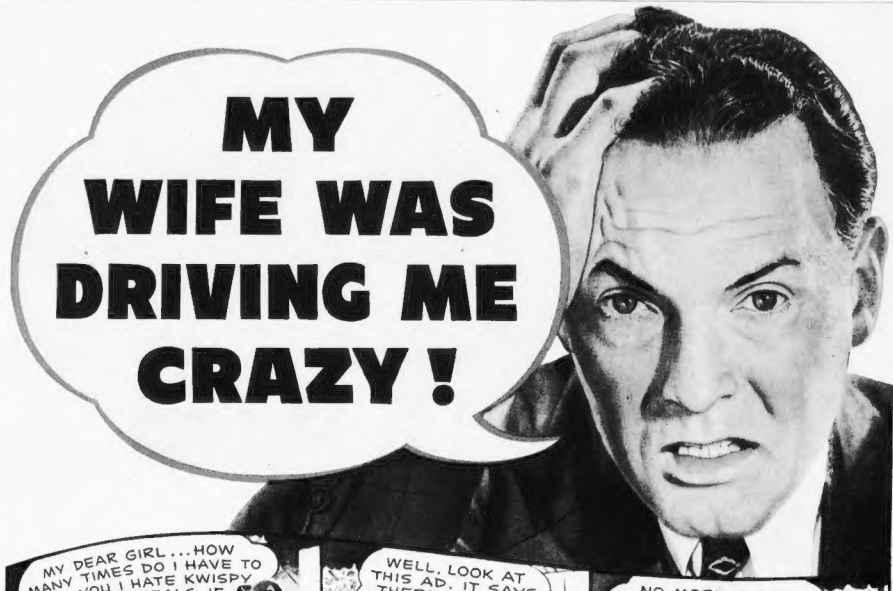
A fine Spring dish is fried dandelion blossom. Pick the largest blossoms, by crocheting around each piece with colorful wool yarn and joining together. Then crocheted an edge around the entire outer edge.

Mrs. F. H. Wolf, Wauselon, Ohio.

AFGHAN

Discarded tailor's samples of wool make very attractive and useful Afghans, by crocheting around each piece with colorful wool yarn and joining together. Then crocheted an edge around the entire outer edge.

Mrs. Charles Robinson, Grants Pass, Ore.



LOOK HERE FOLKS! NOW THERE ARE TWO KINDS OF CREAM OF WHEAT... "REGULAR" YOU HAVE KNOWN FOR 45 YEARS...AND "NEW 5-MINUTE" WHICH COOKS TO FULL DIGESTIBILITY...EVEN FOR BABIES - IN ONLY 5 MINUTES. BOTH COST THE SAME...TAKE YOUR CHOICE!

AND IT HAS EXTRA MINERALS AND VITAMIN B1 - WATCH ME SWING INTO ACTION!

AND IT COSTS LOTS LESS BECAUSE WE GET 40 SERVINGS FROM ONE LARGE PACKAGE

REGULAR CREAM OF WHEAT

NEW 5-MINUTE CREAM OF WHEAT

Now TWO KINDS - "NEW 5-MINUTE" AND "REGULAR"

At your Grocer's
while they Last!

Only 1¢

FOR THIS BRIGHT, CHEERY

English Breakfast Marmalade Jar...

with purchase of 2 CRISP-A-SURED pkgs. of KIX
—delicious new ready-to-eat corn
cereal that comes in tiny, crisp golden bubbles

TO OBTAIN MARMALADE JAR, DO THIS:

Just go to your neighborhood grocer and purchase two new Crisp-A-Sured packages of KIX (each Crisp-A-Sured package contains 3 separate cartons!)—and get your American-made English Breakfast MARMALADE JAR for only one cent more! Reason for offer—to induce you to start serving KIX NOW!

TODAY—before they're all gone—see your grocer and accept this beautiful English Breakfast Marmalade Jar for only 1¢ extra. We are positive you will like it, because we can honestly say that nothing we have ever offered through grocery stores has created so much enthusiasm among housewives as this smart, handy jar, with its gay, cheery brightness, its novel apple form... and... you'll discover a new way to make your child happy with delicious KIX. It's one cereal children really go for! Not flakes—not shreds—but tiny golden bubbles. Tastes something like pop corn, but golden brown and deli-

ciously crisp. In fact, KIX is so made it stays crispier and crunchier in milk or cream than any ordinary flat flake cereal on the market.

Also—such a superlatively delicious new flavor! Enticing—tempting—different—what child could possibly resist it!

And, of course, mother, there's plenty of nourishment in KIX, too. In addition to wonderful taste and crispness, KIX contains plenty of "go-getting" food-energy, plus four added food values your child needs: Vitamin B to help stimulate appetite... Vitamin D and calcium and phosphorus to help build sound bones and teeth.

And Now—A New Package to Keep Your KIX Fresh and Crisp

Good news! KIX now comes to you in the sensational new Crisp-A-Sured package. Instead of the ordinary inner wax lining—which too often fails to keep your cereal fresh—the new KIX package contains 3 separate wax-sealed cartons! Which you open only as you need to! So that the tiny golden KIX bubbles are fresh and crisp and delicious when you serve them. Same quantity as before, of course, and NO OTHER CEREAL has a package like it!

Get Your Marmalade Jar Now

Order 2 Crisp-A-Sured packages of KIX from your grocer today—now! Pay the regular price for KIX. And at the same time get the cheery English Breakfast Marmalade Jar shown here for only 1¢. This offer holds good only while supplies last! KIX is made by General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn.

CHEERY, NOVEL "RIPE APPLE" DESIGN—You'll love this delightfully charming Marmalade Jar—it's such a novel idea and so attractive. Useful, too. For jams, jellies and marmalades—and also for meat sauces, horse-radish or mustard, candies or nuts—or as an amusingly "different" sugar bowl. Genuine Carnival glassware, guaranteed not to fade, peel or lose its finish. Complete with cover!

Actual Size
Shown Here!

I'M CERTAINLY GLAD YOU GOT HERE TODAY, MRS. MACK—THESE MARMALADE JARS ARE GOING LIKE HOT CAKES!

WELL, THANK GOODNESS I'M NOT TOO LATE! I WOULDN'T HAVE MISSED GETTING MINE FOR ANYTHING! THEY REALLY ARE THE CLEVEREST LOOKING JARS I'VE EVER SEEN!



EXCLUSIVE!

No other cereal manufacturer can use the exciting new Crisp-A-Sured KIX package, pictured at the right. It's exclusive with KIX! All of the three special containers are wax-sealed to keep the KIX bubbles deliciously crisp and fresh on your pantry shelf. Open the cartons only as you need to! Isn't it swell?

WHAT A SLICK NEW MARMALADE JAR! TOUGH ON THE BUDGET, THOUGH, I'LL BET!



OH, NO, IT WASN'T! IMAGINE—IT COST ONLY 1 CENT WHEN I BOUGHT KIX IN THIS NEW PACKAGE!

SEE? THREE SEPARATE CARTONS, EACH WAX-COVERED TO KEEP KIX FRESH!



3 IN ONE, EH? WHY DIDN'T SOMEONE THINK OF THIS BEFORE?

AND HOW DO YOU LIKE THESE LITTLE BUBBLES, EH, SON? ISN'T KIX THE SWELLEST CEREAL EVER?



BOY, I'LL SAY! LOOK—EVEN IN MILK IT STAYS CRISP!



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